IORMAN MAILER ON 'PROGRESS'

The Nation.

PAUL
HACKETT'S
EXIT
IN OHIO
John Nichols

THE FIGHT
FOR HAITI
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OOKING FOR
HAKESPEARE
Daniel Swift

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE CONSERVATIVE MOVEMENT'S FAVORITE PROFESSOR

PRINCETON TILTS RIGHT

by MAX BLUMENTHAL

MAR. 13, 2006
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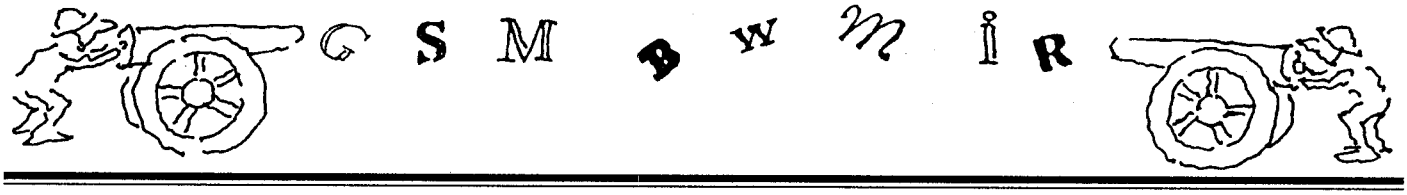

R. O. BLECHMAN

ABORTION: A HUMAN RIGHT

New York City

■ In "Prochoice Puritans" ["Subject to Debate," Feb. 13] Katha Pollitt quotes my *New York Times Magazine* article in which I explained why my father, an OB-GYN, grew increasingly committed to serving as an abortion provider even as he and his patients were subjected to harassment in the late 1980s. I noted that my father's reaction might have been different had the women who came to him seeking abortions been "free love advocates for whom the procedure seemed a mere matter of convenience," language that prompts Katha to insinuate that I (and implicitly my father) am unwittingly doing the work of antichoicers. Would Katha prefer that I re-invent my father?

She goes on to suggest that his perspective implies that a "sexy single woman" having an abortion should be made to suffer—indeed, subjected to a "walk of shame." In fact, what it reflects is the belief that abortion should ideally be a last resort rather than a form of casual contraception and that unintended pregnancies are something all parties—women, men, counselors, physicians—should seek to minimize. If this is heretical to Katha, so be it, though I'm glad that her litmus test for what doctors who perform abortions must believe will never be applied, for if it were the field would likely be wiped out. EYAL PRESS

Venice, Calif.

■ I was surprised to see myself quoted (from a letter I wrote to the *Times*) in Katha Pollitt's column. But I was not surprised to see that I had struck a nerve. For a middle-aged feminist like Pollitt, my seemingly magical ability to avoid an abortion through the diligent use of contraceptives is an infuriating fact. But no, Ms. Pollitt, I am not perfect; I'm an adult. Getting pregnant is not the same thing as getting, say, lymphoma. In many cases, it—and the subsequent abortion—is a fairly simple thing to avoid. I would hope that more so-called feminists would urge young women to attempt to do so. Why is that so wrong? LAURIE GIGLIOTTI

Normal, Ill.

■ I am not sure how we can conceptualize abortion except as a remedial procedure undertaken in response to something that "went wrong" or something "unwanted" that occurred. So it only makes sense that we formulate programs of public education and policy with the goal of reducing the frequency of things going wrong. Working toward a goal of zero frequency is not contradictory to the realization that zero frequency is never going to be achieved, and this goal must be accompanied by policies supporting available, accessible, affordable, safe remedies. There must be room for saying this aloud among those who hold prochoice moral convictions. Pollitt is absolutely correct, however, in raising the cautionary note that as we embrace this zero frequency goal, we never do it in a way that stigmatizes those seeking remedies. DANIEL LIECHTY

Wooster, Ohio

■ A big thanks to Katha Pollitt for picking up on the abortion shame-train ridiculousness. The *New York Times*, in a September front-page article "Under Din of Abortion Debate, Experience Shared Quietly" jumped right on board, stating that women "arrived as a result of failure of one sort or another." It is precisely this sense of failure that must be eradicated from the abortion debate. Men are not deemed "failures" if they impregnate women. Neither should women see themselves as "failures" for having been impregnated. The only failures are those making legislation that fails to provide access for women seeking abortions. SHEILA LIMING

Manistee, Mich.

■ Kudos to Katha Pollitt for her flat-out support for keeping abortion legal. This is not a political argument. Women bear children and women abort and the individual woman decides, every time, which procedure her body will undergo. Women will continue to make these decisions, regardless of how loud the puritans howl. CAROL ATKINS

Washington, DC

■ I applaud Katha Pollitt's insightful dissection of abortion politics. As a feminist activist from Texas, I'm accustomed to running into antichoice people who demonize abortion, but I have also run into prochoice people who do the same. I was a naïve college student who thought all liberals agreed that abortion is a human right, until my friend and I started an abortion fund. Most leftist thinkers were puzzled by our raising money to help poor women pay for their abortions. I believe the reason for this lack of understanding is that women who get abortions do not speak up about it. They are silenced by this absurd social stigma. Yes, there are T-shirts that say I HAD AN ABORTION and websites where you can tell your story, but what is necessary is for women to talk intimately with other women about abortion. My prochoice beliefs were further enforced when I began taking calls from women with nowhere to turn. I couldn't do justice to the stories of these brave women and girls. Let's just say that after everything my ears have heard, not only am I prochoice, I am proabortion. SAMANTHA SEWELL

SPYING ON US CITIZENS

Chelsea, Vt.

■ In "NSA Spying Myths" [Feb. 20] David Cole declares the following to be a myth: "The courts have upheld inherent presidential power to conduct warrantless wiretapping for foreign intelligence purposes." He goes on to say, "The fact that Presidents may have 'inherent' authority to take action in the absence of contrary Congressional intent does not mean they have uncheckable authority to do so once Congress has prohibited the conduct. That argument would mean FISA is unconstitutional, and no court has so ruled."

Perhaps Cole would explain the following excerpt from the US Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court of Review, *in re*: Sealed Case, November 18, 2002: "The Truong court, as did all the other courts to have decided the issue, held that the President did have inherent authority to conduct warrantless searches to obtain foreign intelligence information. It was incumbent upon the court, therefore, to determine the boundaries of that constitutional authority in the case before it. We take for granted that the President does have that authority and, assuming that is so, FISA could not encroach on the President's constitutional power."

While it is true that the *Truong* case occurred prior to the FISA legislation, the ruling comes very close to saying that FISA could indeed be ruled unconstitutional—if FISA is interpreted in such a way as to encroach on the President's constitutional power. The court's position is exactly the reverse of Cole's view that the President's power is only "inherent" in the absence of Congressional legislation to the contrary. It seems to me that the debate over this issue is far from over. CAROL R. FRENIER

New York City

■ David Cole writes of NSA spying myths, but there is a little ambiguity in some of his assertions: (1) He writes that FISA does not regulate listening to wiretaps targeted at foreign nationals abroad who are speaking to a person in the United States. In fact, that is true only "if such acquisition [does not] occur in the United States," and at this juncture it is not publicly known where the NSA's equipment is located for each such tap.

(2) Cole's assertion that the warrant can be obtained after seventy-two hours of commencement of the tap by showing probable cause is literally correct, but many might read him to think information acquired by tapping can be bootstrapped onto probable cause for the tap in the first place. Actually, probable cause must

(Continued on Page 22)

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IN THIS ISSUE

2 **LETTERS**

EDITORIALS & COMMENT

3 A FABRIC OF ILLEGALITY
4 HANDLING HAMAS
4 LEADERSHIP 101
5 TAKING LIBERTIES
Tortured Exceptionalism
David Cole
5 THE MARCH OF PROGRESS
Norman Mailer
6 CHALLENGING MUSHARRAF
Graham Usher
7 HE'S GOT A LITTLE LIST
Richard Lingeman
8 THE BETTER CHOICE IN OHIO
John Nichols

COLUMNS

6 DEADLINE POET
Cheney's Hunting Accident...
Calvin Trillin
9 BEAT THE DEVIL
Quail in War and Peace
Alexander Cockburn
10 BENEATH THE RADAR
Hard Times in the Big Easy
Gary Younge

ARTICLES

11 PRINCETON TILTS RIGHT
The conservative movement's favorite professor exerts his influence.
Max Blumenthal
19 THE FIGHT FOR HAITI
Now that Préval is in, the question is whether he can move the country forward.
Kathie Klarreich

BOOKS & THE ARTS

23 ACKROYD: Shakespeare: The Biography
ASQUITH: Shadowplay: The Hidden Beliefs and Coded Politics of William Shakespeare
ANDERSON: "Shakespeare" by Another Name: The Life of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, the Man Who Was Shakespeare
Daniel Swift
26 SCHICKEL: Elia Kazan: A Biography
David Bromwich
32 FILMS
Our Brand Is Crisis
Sophie Scholl: The Final Days
Stuart Klawans

Cover by Gene Case & Stephen Klingl Avenging Angels; illustrations by R.O. Blechman and Ryan Inzana

EDITORIALS

A Fabric of Illegality

Now we know the truth: For months in 2002, when George W. Bush and his top lieutenants were publicly insisting on their adherence to the Geneva Conventions, they were privately torpedoing efforts by Alberto Mora, the Navy's courageous general counsel, to prevent, and establish accountability for, brutal treatment of detainees. Two years before the publication of the Abu Ghraib photos, Mora confronted the highest-level Pentagon officials over abuse of prisoners at Guantánamo and warned the Administration that its interrogation policies invited torture and cruelty. *The New Yorker*'s Jane Mayer revealed Mora's lonely campaign just as Kofi Annan and a team of United Nations investigators declared Guantánamo a torture camp that should be closed and its prisoners either tried or released.

If the Administration has so far been able to resist demands for accountability, whether from the Pentagon's own lawyers or the UN, it is because of the collusion of the courts and Congress in abuses both international and within the United States. Exhibit A: the grotesque February 16 ruling by US District Judge David Trager denying his court's jurisdiction over the rendition to Syria and torture of Canadian national Maher Arar, who spent nearly a year in secret captivity (see David Cole on page 5). Exhibit B: the bipartisan effort to avoid Congressional investigation of the NSA's warrantless surveillance of American citizens.

Although key leaders remain angry at the White House for not seeking Congressional approval for the NSA wiretap program, debate over surveillance has been sidelined. Leaders from both parties are lining up behind proposals to bleach the stain of illegality from warrantless wiretaps—either by incorporating warrantless eavesdropping into the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act or by simply declaring warrantless taps legal. Lost is the simple fact that both plans broaden domestic spying far beyond the Patriot Act and make hash of the venerable constitutional demand for search warrants.

That Guantánamo and NSA spying on citizens—the Administration's abuses abroad and at home—are part of the same fabric of illegality was brought home by a February 14 House national security subcommittee hearing. Led by Christopher Shays and Henry Waxman, the subcommittee heard firsthand evidence of what becomes of truth-tellers in the Bush military and intelligence services.

In this sense Mora was lucky: He was merely blocked at every turn. He wasn't demoted like Specialist Samuel Provance, who was kicked downstairs after confronting a general with horrifying details about interrogations at Abu Ghraib. Mora wasn't declared by his bosses to be mentally ill, like NSA whistleblower Russell Tice—who indicated to the subcommittee that the agency's illegal "black ops" extend well beyond the wiretap program. No one spread false rumors about Mora's sex life, as the Defense Intelligence Agency did about Lieut. Col. Anthony Shaffer after he revealed the extent of the government's pre-9/11 knowledge about Mohamed Atta (gained through the "Able Danger" data-mining program).

The dark arts of trashing whistleblowers, who are supposedly protected by federal law, add yet another layer of illegality to the "war on terror." Still, Congress and the courts dodge their responsibilities while the White House maintains its right to stand above the law—and torture, imprisonment without trial and warrantless spying on Americans go on, and on.

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Handling Hamas

After it was conclusively determined that there were no weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, the Bush Administration announced that the most important purpose of its invasion was to further the cause of democracy in the Middle East. It declared that stable, democratic regimes were the best deterrent to terrorism and the best hope for peace. WMD, it seems, stands for We Meant Democracy.

A milestone in this march toward the open society was Palestine. The Administration supported the participation of Hamas in the recent parliamentary elections there, reasoning that the Islamist movement's widely predicted new role as minority party in the Palestinian Authority's legislature would help to tame its ideological rejectionism. But now, after Hamas's stunning triumph, the Administration has changed course, threatening the PA with diplomatic isolation and a cutoff of all aid unless Hamas recognizes Israel, renounces violence and agrees to abide by previous Israeli-Palestinian agreements. It has been reported that Washington and Tel Aviv are planning an economic destabilization campaign to force a collapse of the new government, though the Bush Administration has denied it.

Such a hard line is shortsighted and dangerous. Respect for the United States in the Muslim and Arab world, already at dismal levels, will plummet further if Washington refuses to accept the results of what were, after all, remarkably free and fair elections. US attempts to isolate and demonize Hamas will only increase public support for it among Palestinians. A cutoff in aid to the PA, whose salaries are the life support for several hundred thousand people, could cause both a humanitarian catastrophe and widespread violence. Threats to isolate the PA will only throw Hamas into the arms of other rejectionists like Iran.

A policy of cautious engagement, while not without risks, is much more likely to strengthen Hamas's pragmatic tendencies. The movement has made clear that it wants to concentrate on improved governance and continue the cease-fire with Israel, which it has held to with commendable discipline for a year. Hamas won the elections not because Palestinians want Islamist rule and the destruction of Israel but because of widespread public disgust with Fatah's corruption and mismanagement. Polls consistently show that a large majority of Palestinians want a two-state solution to the conflict. If the Bush Administration truly supports democracy in the Middle East, it will give Hamas a chance to fulfill these reasonable desires, and to succeed or fail on its own merits. That's the best hope for peace.

Leadership 101

The abrupt resignation of Larry Summers seems yet another reminder that the world is changing faster than its would-be leaders. The remaining "best and brightest" in Cambridge still don't lack for arrogance, rudeness or self-aggrandizement. But the lesson of the Harvard president's sudden demise is that the technocratic neoliberalism Summers embodies (as

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EDITORIALS

Robert McNamara did before him) works better on blackboards these days than in the real world.

Summers's defenders, in constantly touting his "brilliance," ended up underscoring the narrowness—the old-fashioned (and badly outdated) Stanford-Binet notion of IQ—by which they (and he) measured it. Smart and tough may still get you to the top, but increasingly it won't keep you there. In the 1960s it was McNamara's fetishized faith in the computerized "truth" of a coming American victory in Vietnam—and the inability to see the world in plain view—that brought him down. In the 1980s Michael Dukakis lost the presidency by preaching a gospel of "efficiency" rather than the Democratic dream of justice and equality. In the go-go world of 1990s business, "Chainsaw Al" Dunlap—the corporate version of this sort of narrow technical efficiency—made millions for investors by taking over companies and running them using massive layoffs and a take-no-prisoners rule over those who remained. He anointed himself "America's best CEO," but when he finally ran into trouble at Sunbeam, his noisiest defenders abandoned him faster than you can say "SEC."

For at least the past twenty-five years, the neoliberal model that preaches every man (or country) for himself and disdains those without economic clout (think Summers's famous suggestion as chief economist of the World Bank that "the economic logic behind dumping a load of toxic waste in the lowest wage country is impeccable") has been in the ascent in America and much of the world. But that is no longer the case. *L'état, c'est moi*—substitute *l'université* or *la compagnie* or *la famille* for *l'état* here as you like—may finally be on its last legs in human history. It's a bold hope, to be sure, but who knows? Someday it might come true even in Washington.

COMMENT

Tortured Exceptionalism

"The torturer has become like the pirate and slave trader before him *hostis humani generis*, an enemy of all mankind." So proclaimed the US Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit in 1980, in a landmark decision ruling that the prohibition on torture was so universally accepted that a US court could hold responsible a Paraguayan official charged with torturing a dissident in Paraguay. It is highly unusual to hold foreign officials responsible for wrongdoing committed within their own country, but the court declared that when officials violate such a fundamental norm as the prohibition on torture, they can be held accountable anywhere they are found. The Supreme Court reaffirmed that decision in *Sosa v. Alvarez-Machain* less than three years ago.

Yet in a new twist on American exceptionalism, a federal district court in Brooklyn ruled February 16 that when US officials conspire with such "enemies of all mankind" to torture suspects in the "war on terror," our courts will not interfere. US courts can hold other nations' officials responsible

The March of Progress

This list is, of course, open to debate. A hundred, if not a thousand, couplings could be offered in their place. I will say that the last two pairings are quintessential to the premise behind these categories. Originally, they were first on the list. —*Norman Mailer*

MODERN	POSTMODERN
steel	plastic
Picasso	Warhol
Pullman & Coach	First Class & Economy
romance	narcissism
pot roast	vegan
FDR	GWB
Hitler	Hussein
Churchill	Blair
Zionism	Israel
USSR	People's Republic of China
consumption	cancer
Gone With the Wind	*The DaVinci Code*
drought	flood
blizzard	global warming
steak	salad
beer	lite beer
dessert	No-Cal
tycoons	CEOs
typewriters	PCs
Off-Broadway	Off-Off-Broadway
bebop	rap
shoes	sneakers
library	Internet
epistles	blogs
Gallo	Pinot Noir
bourbon	single malt
the Depression	the 1990s
corner stores	malls
Sinatra	Eminem
farming	agribusiness
slums	projects
highways	superhighways
Sears, Roebuck	Wal-Mart
antiseptics	antibiotics
heart attacks	bypasses
concentration	fragmentation
war	terrorism

Norman Mailer has won the National Book Award, two Pulitzer Prizes and the National Book Foundation's Award for Distinguished Service to American Letters. Nation Books has just published his latest work, written with his son John Buffalo Mailer: The Big Empty: Dialogues on Politics, Sex, God, Boxing, Morality, Myth, Poker and Bad Conscience in America.

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for torture, but when it comes to American leaders, the overriding imperative is to keep our options open.

The decision dismissed a lawsuit brought by Maher Arar, a Canadian citizen who, while changing planes at JFK Airport on his way home from Europe to Canada, was detained by US officials, interrogated at length, denied access to a lawyer, ordered expelled on secret evidence and then sent not on his connecting flight to Canada but on a specially chartered federal jet to Syria. Arar was born in Syria, so he had dual citizenship, but he had not lived there since he was a teenager. He spent the next ten months incarcerated in Syria without charges, much of it in solitary confinement in a three-by-six-foot cell that Arar describes as "a grave." He says he was beaten with cables, threatened with electric shocks and placed in "the tire," which immobilizes prisoners for beatings. The Syrians interrogated him with a dossier of virtually the same questions as those US officials had asked him while he was detained in New York. The Syrians finally released Arar, stating that they found no evidence that he had committed a crime, and he returned home to Canada, where he is a free man.

The recent court decision tells Arar that he can expect no justice from US courts, and simultaneously tells US officials that they have a green light to do to others what they did to Arar. The court's reasoning is stunning. It concludes that adjudicating Arar's claim would improperly interfere with "policy making" by the political branches and might produce "embarrassment of our government abroad." And it finds that "in the international realm...judges have neither the experience nor the background to adequately and competently define and adjudge the rights of an individual vis-à-vis the needs of officials acting to defend the sovereign interests of the United States."

But the very basis for holding other countries' officials responsible for torture in US courts is that the prohibition on torture is universal—torture is simply not a policy option. If it's not an option for Paraguay, it's not an option for the United States. And if US courts have the expertise to hold foreign officials accountable for torture, even where it may risk "embarrassment" of their governments, how can it be improper to hold our own officials accountable? Had Arar found one of his Syrian torturers residing in Brooklyn and sued him there, the court would have been compelled to hear his case. How then can it decline to hear claims against US officials for their involvement in the same conduct?

The only answer can be American exceptionalism. When Paraguayans do it, we condemn torture as a universal wrong; but when US officials begin to employ such tactics, we're not so sure it's wrong—the district court characterized the question as "unresolved." The court also repeatedly emphasized that Arar is "an alien," and that the torture was inflicted abroad, as if to assure readers that we wouldn't let this happen to US citizens here. But the prohibition on torture knows no geographical boundaries and applies to all human beings, regardless of what passport they hold. The last thing we want to do is make the United States "an enemy of all mankind." DAVID COLE

David Cole is The Nation*'s legal affairs correspondent and pro bono co-counsel, with the Center for Constitutional Rights, for Maher Arar.*

CALVIN TRILLIN

IF GEORGE W. BUSH HAD WORKED UP THE NERVE TO ASK DICK CHENEY TO BE MORE FORTHCOMING ABOUT HIS HUNTING ACCIDENT

"Perhaps there's some more info you could share."
"Not your affair."

"I'm very glad we had this little talk."
"Just take a walk."

Challenging Musharraf

Islamabad

A thousand young men storm Islamabad's Aabpara Junction, shearing through waves of tear gas. The police retreat, attempt to hold some kind of line, then flee in disarray. On reaching the junction, three older men unfurl a banner praising THE HONOR OF THE PROPHET. The protesters had vowed they would hold their demonstration. And—despite a police ban, mass arrests and a massive security clampdown on Pakistan's capital—they did.

The protest was ostensibly about the cartoons of the Prophet Muhammad published in several European newspapers. But it was also the latest shot in what some Pakistani analysts are calling the most serious challenge to President-General Pervez Musharraf since he seized power in a coup in 1999. The challenger is the Muttahidda Majlis-e-Amal (MMA), a parliamentary coalition of Pakistan's main Islamist parties and once an ally of Musharraf's military regime. What brought about the rupture?

Pakistani protests over the cartoons had been small, peaceful and confined to the Islamists. They are now large and savagely violent. In Lahore and Peshawar, where 60,000 participated, shops were looted, government buildings attacked and police fired upon, leaving at least five dead, all civilians. The rioters were not just the bearded madrasa students of Taliban vintage; they were the young urban poor, disenfranchised by economies of conspicuous consumption that have left them beached. But the riots were not the spontaneous revolt of an underclass. They were instigated by Pakistan's oldest and most powerful Islamist party, the Jamaat Islami (JI), which has forged a potent alliance between its devout middle-class cadre and alienated youth who have "found sanctuary in its Islamic rhetoric and institutions," says analyst Hasan Askari Rizvi.

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COMMENT

The JI is the dominant faction in the MMA. It has long had close relations with the Pakistani military, including its powerful Inter-Services Intelligence agency, which has deep jihadi roots: The ISI funded and trained not only Afghanistan's anti-Soviet mujahedeen but also the Taliban and the Islamist insurgency in Kashmir. The JI was an integral part of the policy, its jihadist arms serving the ISI's foreign wars in Afghanistan and Kashmir.

Since 9/11, when Musharraf changed sides and joined Washington in the "war on terror" and the MMA was formed, the JI has made an uneasy pact with the regime: conniving with Musharraf's constitutional ruses to extend his one-man rule in return for a deeper stake in Pakistan's political system. Today the MMA holds power in Pakistan's North West Frontier Province, shares power in another and is the largest opposition bloc in the National Assembly. Politically, the Islamists in Pakistan have never been so powerful.

But the pact has started to fray. In the past six months the JI has assailed Musharraf's botched response to the Pakistani earthquake; his collusion with US forces in tracking down and killing Taliban and Al Qaeda suspects on Pakistan's border with Afghanistan; and his plans for new legislation curbing Pakistan's madrasa system. The JI has seized on the furor caused by the cartoons to turn discontent into confrontation. "The days of the military government are numbered," says JI leader Qazi Husain Ahmad. "We will not allow President-General Musharraf to remain in power."

But Ahmad knows that neither the JI nor the MMA has the support or the firepower to bring down the Musharraf regime. What the Islamists can do is foment "the conditions so that Musharraf either accepts their demands or the military is compelled to move against him," says Pakistani commentator Zaffar Abbas.

The JI was the driving force behind protests that ousted Pakistan's first military ruler, Ayub Khan, in the 1960s and the government of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto in the 1970s. It was the principal opposition to Benazir Bhutto's and Nawaz Sharif's governments in the 1990s. All those struggles were invoked in the name of Islam against the secularism, decadence and pro-Western agenda

He's Got a Little List

David Horowitz, the right-wing Savonarola, takes an unholy interest in higher education. One of his pet projects is a so-called Academic Bill of Rights, which he is agitating for states to enact into law (no takers yet). His avowed aim is to muzzle lefty professors, who, Horowitz claims, are running amok—dominating faculties, bullying conservative students and promoting their radical agendas in the classroom. Colleges that fail to sign on to the bill of rights would be monitored by state officials and politicians.

In February Horowitz tossed another log on the auto-da-fé, publishing a book called *The Professors* (Regnery), which, the subtitle boasts, reveals "The 101 Most Dangerous Academics in America." Normally, we can leave Horowitz's effusions to his claque, but a couple of our contributors reported (rather boastfully, we thought) that they'd made the list. That caused us to wonder who else among our regulars made the cut. So we put intern Dean Powers on the case, and after combing the data bank he came up with twenty-seven *Nation* names in the Horowitz book. Among them, they have contributed a total of 255 dangerous articles, editorials and/or reviews to our pages.

We were initially pleased that so many of our writers made the grade. This is the kind of list a muckraking, status quo–shaking magazine like *The Nation* should be on. We thought about suggesting to our advertising people that they take out a series of ads bragging, "*The Nation*—America's Most Dangerous Magazine, says David Horowitz."

But we had second thoughts. First, he never actually said that. And second, we would be basing the claim on the word of a writer we've always regarded as a man of questionable accuracy. The copy fails the truth-in-advertising test.

But what a star-studded roster of names we could boast of, from Aptheker (Bettina) to Zinn (Howard). It includes Stanley Aronowitz, Derrick Bell, Mary Frances Berry, Michael Bérubé, Noam Chomsky, Matthew Evangelista and the Coles—David and Juan (no relation). And then there are those menaces Richard "Fearsome" Falk (a record forty-four contributions) and Eric "the Red" Foner (twenty-two), both members of our editorial board. And those notorious former SDS-ers Todd Gitlin and Tom Hayden, still no doubt nursing dreams of Sovietizing America. Not to mention killer scholars like H. Bruce Franklin, Manning Marable, Robert "the Media Guy" McChesney, Mark LeVine and Michael Warner.

What's this? Orville Schell is on Horowitz's list but not his brother Jonathan (who teaches at Yale). Horowitz's role model, the late Senator McCarthy, would never have overlooked such an airtight case of guilt by association.

And to top it all, dominating the slate with twenty-four signed contributions to the magazine, is our former editor and current publisher emeritus, Victor Navasky, who qualifies as an academic because of his second career teaching at the Columbia Journalism School. Who promoted Navasky to a position where he'll be training new cadres of dangerous journalists? Why, this is a conspiracy so immense it threatens to rock the Republic to its foundations.

On further investigation, it turns out that Horowitz isn't even a very good reporter. Many of his claims are wrong and his citations inaccurate. As just one example, he claims that Navasky has "bankrolled" the *Columbia Journalism Review*. Navasky wishes that were true, but to date his only effort in that direction has been to return a check he got for writing an article.

Why don't we forget the whole thing?

RICHARD LINGEMAN

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COMMENT

of the leader. All, too, were supported by the army and the ISI.

There is no evidence of such complicity this time around. The aim, rather, is to again make that alliance possible, says Abbas. "The JI is convinced that Musharraf is the only thing that stands between them and the military establishment—an establishment they believe shares their vision of Islam for Pakistan. They are gunning for Musharraf and for him alone."

How will he respond? The MMA has planned a rolling campaign of protests to climax with George W. Bush's visit to Pakistan in March. If Musharraf moves to ban them, he risks the debacle of Islamabad. If he doesn't, he risks the violence of Lahore and Peshawar. Whatever he does, there is a growing sense that The Leader is losing control. "And it is when Musharraf loses control that the army will move against him," says former general and now antinuclear campaigner Talat Masood. "The Pakistani military doesn't back losers."

GRAHAM USHER

Graham Usher is a journalist and writer currently based in Islamabad.

The Better Choice in Ohio

Paul Hackett, the Iraq War veteran who became a hero of the blogosphere and a hot political property after he came close to grabbing a House seat away from the Republicans in an Ohio special election last summer, has left the race for a Senate seat Democrats desperately want to win in November with a shot at party leaders that resonated with a lot of progressives around the country. Claiming that key players with the Democratic Senate Campaign Committee and the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee had pressured him to quit the Democratic primary contest against Representative Sherrod Brown, Hackett grumbled about "behind-the-scenes machinations that were intended to hurt my campaign" and complained that "my own party is afraid to support candidates like me." The complaint sounded familiar to critics who have long argued that Washington Democrats harm the party by anointing candidates in key races and then drying up campaign money for more appealing—generally, more liberal—challengers. Former Senator Gary Hart deplored pressure on Hackett to drop out as simply "old politics at its worst." Ken Bode, usually a savvy commentator, grumbled that the actions of the DC Democrats "indicate their commitment to politics as usual."

There's no question that the DSCC and the DCCC have lousy track records when it comes to selecting and supporting aggressive progressives who can energize voters and win elections—as the dismal results of House and Senate races in 2002 and 2004 well illustrate. (And let's not forget that DCCC chair Rahm Emanuel is currently trying to impose an untested candidate with vague positions, Iraq War vet Tammy Duckworth, on Illinois Democrats in an open-seat race where progressive activist Christine Cegelis has a strong on-the-ground organization after winning 44 percent of the vote in a 2004 challenge to retiring Republican Henry Hyde.) But the Ohio story is more complicated than Hackett and his adherents would have it.

Hackett was not the strongest candidate in the Democratic primary race, and he certainly wasn't the strongest progressive. With the filing deadline for the May Democratic primary rapidly approaching, Hackett was confronted with new numbers from his own pollster that showed Brown ahead among likely voters by an almost 2-to-1 margin—46 percent for the Congressman to 24 percent for Hackett. The poll revealed that despite Hackett's full-time campaigning since last fall while Brown was tied up in Washington leading the fight against the Central American Free Trade Agreement and other Administration follies, Hackett had made few inroads among Democrats outside his southern Ohio base. Hackett has had a hard time convincing most Ohio Democrats—particularly liberal voters in the northern Ohio counties, where the party is strongest—that he would be a bolder or better candidate than Brown, who's a passionate critic of the Administration's rush to war and one of Congress's ablest critics of corporate excess.

That's the point that matters here: Sherrod Brown is precisely the sort of candidate who usually gets shoved aside by DC strategists who fear contenders from the democratic wing of the Democratic Party. He's going to be the party's Senate nominee this year not because he was imposed on Ohio Democrats by outsiders but because for all the national media attention that Hackett has garnered, Brown is the favorite of the grassroots labor, civil rights and antiwar voters whose votes are definitional in a primary and whose energy will be essential in November.

JOHN NICHOLS

NATION NOTES

For the next three months, while she finishes a book of essays, Katha Pollitt will not be writing her "Subject to Debate" column. We eagerly anticipate her return in May.

Victor Navasky has won this year's George Polk Book Award for *A Matter of Opinion*, his combined memoir and reflections on the role of opinion journalism. The judges said the book "provides a historically significant view of the role that public discourse plays in sustaining the democratic process in an age of mass media and corporate dominance."

Katrina vanden Heuvel has received the Asian American Legal Defense and Education Fund's 2006 Justice in Action award for her "fearless and spirited work in promoting independent journalism, and enriching public debate on issues affecting the Asian American community."

* * *

On the Web: Ari Melber explores how the founding writers of blockbuster blogs MyDD and DailyKos plan to revolutionize the Democratic Party through a "bloodless coup." Rebecca MacKinnon explores the role of companies like Microsoft, Yahoo! and Google in helping the Chinese government censor the Internet, and examines Congressional proposals to restrict the behavior of US businesses abroad (www.thenation.com).

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Quail in War and Peace

"Levitan the painter and I went out to the woodcock mating area yesterday evening. He fired at a woodcock and the bird, wounded in the wing, fell in a puddle. I picked it up. It had a long beak, large black eyes, and magnificent plumage. It looked at us in wonder. What were we to do with it? Levitan closed his eyes and begged me, 'Please, smash its head in with the rifle.' I said I couldn't. Levitan kept twitching his head and begging me. And the woodcock kept looking on in wonder. I had to obey Levitan and kill it. And then two idiots went home and sat down to dinner leaving one less beautiful, adored creature in the world."

—Anton Chekhov

Letter to his friend Suvorin, April 8, 1892

BEAT THE DEVIL

Perhaps Cheney should have whacked Whittington's skull in as the wounded lawyer looked up at him in wonder, while the covey of bobwhite quail rejoiced at the happy chance of Whittington's head and upper chest intercepting the Vice President's salvo from his 28-gauge shotgun.

Even so, the bobwhite and scaled quail have little to cheer about these days. Quality-of-life indicators for the little bird have been on a steady downward tangent ever since the late nineteenth century. When the early settlers came, quail were abundant, flourishing where natural grasslands were interspersed with forests. Indian burn policies helped too. By the mid-nineteenth century you could buy a dozen quail for 25 cents. A single hunter could kill a hundred, even 200 in a day, sometimes in a single haul if he used nets.

Fields in those days weren't "clean farmed," and the topsoil was so rich that quail could forage from an extravagant menu of weeds, grasses and crops. Progress, as so often, spelled doom for those creatures caught in its path, not least the quail, which require very specific habitat to flourish, or even survive: nesting and screening cover, bushy overhead to stop the hawks, yet open at ground level for spotting terrestrial marauders. Quail literally live on the edge, where different kinds of cover come together. As Frank Edminster explains in his 1954 classic *American Game Birds of Field and Forest*, "the quail must feed, rest, roost, dust-bathe, nest, court, escape enemies and avoid heat, cold and wind to a considerable extent concurrently."

Cheney is never far from his ambulance, and in similar style the quail follows the so-called Huggins 50:50 Rule, which, in the words of the Texas-based Quail Technical Support Committee "provides guidance on the proper amount and distribution of woody cover: 'A bobwhite should never be more than 50 yards from a clump of brush 50 feet in diameter.'" Another rule of thumb, advises Quail Tech Support, "holds that you should be able to throw a softball from one covert to the next."

Quail parenting is a demanding business. As Edminster describes it, "Discipline of the chicks is strict; a continual 'conversation' of low clucks and cheeps goes on, but when a parent gives the danger call every youngster freezes in its tracks. If the threat materializes in an attack, the old birds try to draw the intruder away from the young ones by pretending injury. After the danger is past, the gathering call is sounded and the family quickly reassembles and goes about its usual activity."

The bobwhite lives "a rather grim existence," Edminster concluded in the early 1950s, and the past half-century hasn't changed the story. Ironically, similar decline in the habitat of a larger and often less alluring species, *Homo latifundicus Texanicus*, the owners of vast Texas ranches, may offer the bobwhite a modest reprieve.

As Mary Lee Grant outlined it in a very interesting piece in the Corpus Christi *Caller-Times*, cattle ranching on these big spreads is not nearly as profitable as leasing them to hunters. Grant cites the Texas Department of Agriculture as saying that hunting brings about $1 billion annually to ranches across the state, and of 200,000 farms and ranches statewide, 40,000 have leased their land to hunters.

Fred Bryant, director of the Caesar Kleberg Wildlife Institute in Kingsville, told Grant the cattle and oil markets are "played out" and "hunting is the only stable income many ranchers can rely on. As the old ranch families grow and the pyramid of heirs expands, there are more people to support and they don't know how they are going to do it—to keep heirs in the lifestyle to which they are accustomed."

So the bobwhites have not only their own broods to worry about but the well-being of vast coveys of Texan human trust-funders, scanning the skies for swooping taxmen and looking for safe habitat with decent carrying capacity. Quail habitat is minimally improving, as the ranch managers try to adapt the terrain from the needs of longhorns to quail and the other targets of Cheney and his fellow hunters.

Out here, the California quail has it pretty good, to judge by the two or three coveys that scuttle out of my way as I make the two-mile drive to the Petrolia store. A few years ago I shot one, and like Chekhov, felt bad about it as I gazed at the cock's once jaunty crest. Since then I just like to look at them.

Bush should publicly invoke the California quails' family values. The birds are monogamous when paired, though as so often in this wicked world, there are limits to faithfulness. According to Sumner's observations in 1935:

> the red male [refers to leg band color] tried repeatedly during the week to copulate with the blue female whenever both pairs came out of the brush to feed together at twilight. In every instance observed, the blue female refused to accept his attentions, although she received the advances of her own mate.

A few years ago you could buy a nice postage stamp of a quail, part of a US Postal Service series featuring endangered species, though the status of the stamp's subject wasn't announced anywhere on the stamp, the USPS obviously having been cowed by the hunters' lobby. They're hard to find now. Cheney probably had the series withdrawn. ■

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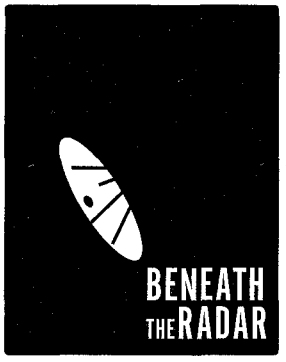
GARY YOUNGE

Hard Times in the Big Easy



"Just as the Carthaginians hired mercenaries to do their fighting for them, we Americans bring in mercenaries to do our hard and humble work," wrote John Steinbeck in *Travels With Charley*. "I hope we may not be overwhelmed one day by peoples not too proud or too lazy or too soft to bend to the earth and pick up the things we eat."

Almost fifty years later the economy still cannot function without migrant labor. "Because natural population increase is unlikely to provide sufficient workers, immigration will play a critical role in sustaining the labor force growth needed to maintain overall economic growth," the Immigration Policy Center concluded in November.

The paradox is that the country's political culture cannot function without scapegoating migrant laborers either. In December the House passed the Sensenbrenner bill, one of the most draconian pieces of anti-immigrant legislation in a generation. Meanwhile the vigilante Minutemen, no longer content to "patrol" the borders looking for illegal immigrants to "arrest," have taken to chasing day laborers at pickup sites, shouting, "This is America, not Mexico!" Every weeknight CNN airs xenophobic diatribes from Lou Dobbs posing as the friend of the common people.

No wonder two-thirds of Americans think illegal immigration is "very" or "extremely" serious and three-quarters believe not enough is being done to protect the nation's borders, according to a *Time* poll. Americans, it seems, love immigration. It's just immigrants they can't stand. The principle is central to the mythologies of personal reinvention, social meritocracy, ethnic diversity and class fluidity that lie at the core of the American dream. But the people themselves are often regarded as anathema to it.

This is not new. During the mid-1800s Irish Catholics met severe discrimination. Then there was the Chinese Exclusion Act in 1882, and during World War II, Japanese internment. Since 9/11 Muslims have been victimized for security reasons. And for the economy, there are Hispanics. So we are left despising the very people on whom we depend, and immigrants are left with the worst of all worlds—economically marginalized and socially demonized. Vulnerable to unscrupulous employers, opportunistic politicians and racist hatemongers, they work simply to exist in a place where their very existence has become an affront.

Welcome to New Orleans. For this is precisely the contradiction currently unfolding in the rebuilding of the Crescent City. Since Hurricane Katrina the city's Hispanic population has ballooned from 3 percent to an estimated 30 percent. Every morning at Lee Circle hundreds of day laborers gather under the watchful eye of the Confederate general and wait for work. Every night hundreds sleep in a tent city in City Park, Scout Island, where one standpipe and three toilets serve about 200 people.

Globalization brought them here. A system in which one person's overtime is another family's weekly wage will push from despair as much as pull from hope. "You can have a lot of love for your children, but it cannot fill their stomachs," says Mercedes Sanchez, standing outside her tarpaulin home in the tent city. "In Mexico I made 200 pesos a week. I can make that in two hours here." But while capital can roam free, the movement of laborers is restricted and therefore perilous. Sanchez paid $3,000 to trek three days and nights through the Arizona desert. Along the way she was stripped naked by bandits and robbed at gunpoint. "When you walk through the desert, you think you're never going to arrive," she says. "It costs a lot of money and a lot of tears."

Katrina's winds had barely stopped howling before the mood music that created this situation could be heard: George W. Bush suspended the Davis-Bacon Act, which requires employers with government contracts to pay "prevailing" wages, and waived the requirement for contractors to provide I-9 employment eligibility forms completed by their workers. By the time those measures had been restored, their suspension had already signaled a desire to cut corners and pay below-market rates—the ideal conditions for taking on undocumented workers.

Meanwhile, in an address to business owners and contractors, New Orleans Mayor Ray Nagin said he knew what they were thinking: "How do I insure that New Orleans is not overrun by Mexican workers?" His taste for rebuilding a Chocolate City is now renowned; his refusal to stomach one that consists of a sizable portion of crème caramel is only now becoming apparent.

Nagin's words were crude, but his actions have been consistent with a mindset in which Hispanic migrant workers are both crucial and criminalized, encouraged and exploited, accepted and abused. The Southern Poverty Law Center has filed two class-action lawsuits against two corporations on behalf of up to 2,000 mostly immigrant workers in New Orleans who say they have not been paid or have been underpaid. One is against Belfor USA group. Its attorney, David Kurtz, said, "The allegations are groundless," but refused further comment. The other is against LVI Environmental Services and D&L Environmental Inc., a subcontractor. LVI did not return calls; D&L declined to comment.

Carla (not her real name) worked for D&L pulling down drywall in hospitals, clinics and schools. Starting November 9 she was promised $12 an hour and $18 for overtime and worked from 7 AM until 5 PM seven days a week. By Thanksgiving she still had not received a cent. When she went to pick up her check, she claims, her boss told her it hadn't been issued because of a computer error. When she started to cry and demand the money security guards threatened her with forcible removal.

There is a name for a system in which you make people work and don't pay them. It's called slavery. It's the institution that built this beautiful city, and its legacy was laid bare by Katrina last year. At that time, as thousands converged on the convention center, then–FEMA director Michael Brown said, "We're seeing people that we didn't know exist." Once again, it seems, the presence of those having hard times in the Big Easy has conveniently escaped the authorities' attention, even as their pain is hidden in plain sight. ■

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ARTICLES

PRINCETON TILTS RIGHT

MAX BLUMENTHAL

On a couch outside Princeton University's Dodds Auditorium, where a conference titled "The Conservative Movement: Its Past, Present and Future" was taking place, a veteran culture warrior, William Bennett, found himself surrounded by a group of eight African-American graduate students who had gathered to protest a racially charged remark he had made on his radio show months earlier: "You could abort every black baby in this country and your crime rate would go down."

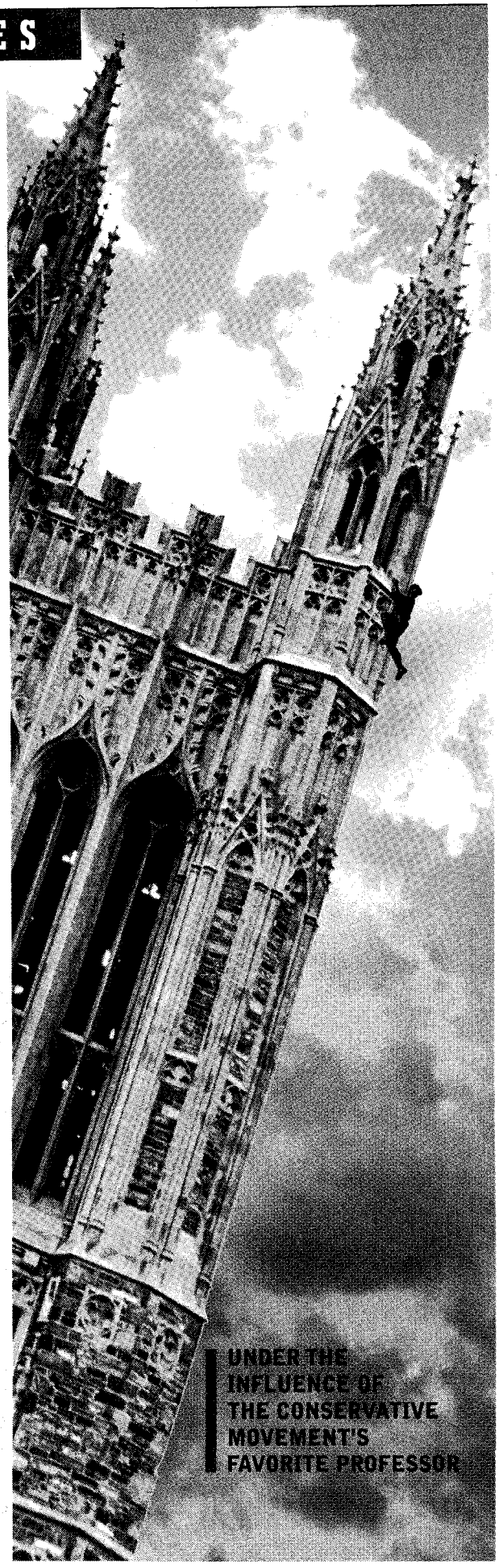
It was a good thing Princeton's star jurisprudence professor, Robert "Robby" George, rushed to Bennett's side. Because while Bennett alternated between sputtering defensiveness and grumbling defiance, telling the students, "You don't understand how many people in the black community told me they agree with what I said," George controlled the tense dialogue as if it were any academic seminar, acknowledging the student protesters only when they raised their hands and waited their turn. Throughout, George was cool and unflaggingly civil. And when it ended, he proposed a more formal follow-up meeting—an idea the students heartily accepted.

This is the Robby George respected and well liked at Princeton. He's the outspoken social conservative eager to engage liberal students in impassioned debates on social issues and whose annual course on civil liberties is invariably over-enrolled. He's an accomplished legal and moral philosopher who has earned the admiration of conservative intellectuals and the respect of mainstream academia. Most of all, George is known around campus as a nice guy whose attendance at High Holiday services with his Jewish wife embodies the personal qualities that have endeared him to the Princeton community.

But there is another side to George, less tolerant, ferociously partisan and intimately connected to wealthy organizations that wish explicitly to inject their politics into the universities—a side better known by Beltway Republicans and right-wing Christian activists than on the long green lawns of Princeton. He's been a presence at the White House over the past five years, stopping by no fewer than five times to counsel George W. Bush on such issues as the faith-based initiative, what he calls "Catholic social ethics" and Supreme Court nominations. He also serves on the President's Council on Bioethics, where he has worked to obstruct federal funding of stem cell research, and he helped write an amendment on behalf of the White House calling for a constitutional ban on same-sex marriage in 2004.

With access and top-rank academic credentials, George has become a sought-after right-wing pundit, penning columns for *National Review* and the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page, and recently guest-blogging on Judge Samuel Alito's nomination battle for the Family Research Council, the Christian right lobbying outfit that planned a series of televised rallies for Bush's judicial picks called "Justice Sunday."

George has brought his conservatism to bear at Princeton through



UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE CONSERVATIVE MOVEMENT'S FAVORITE PROFESSOR

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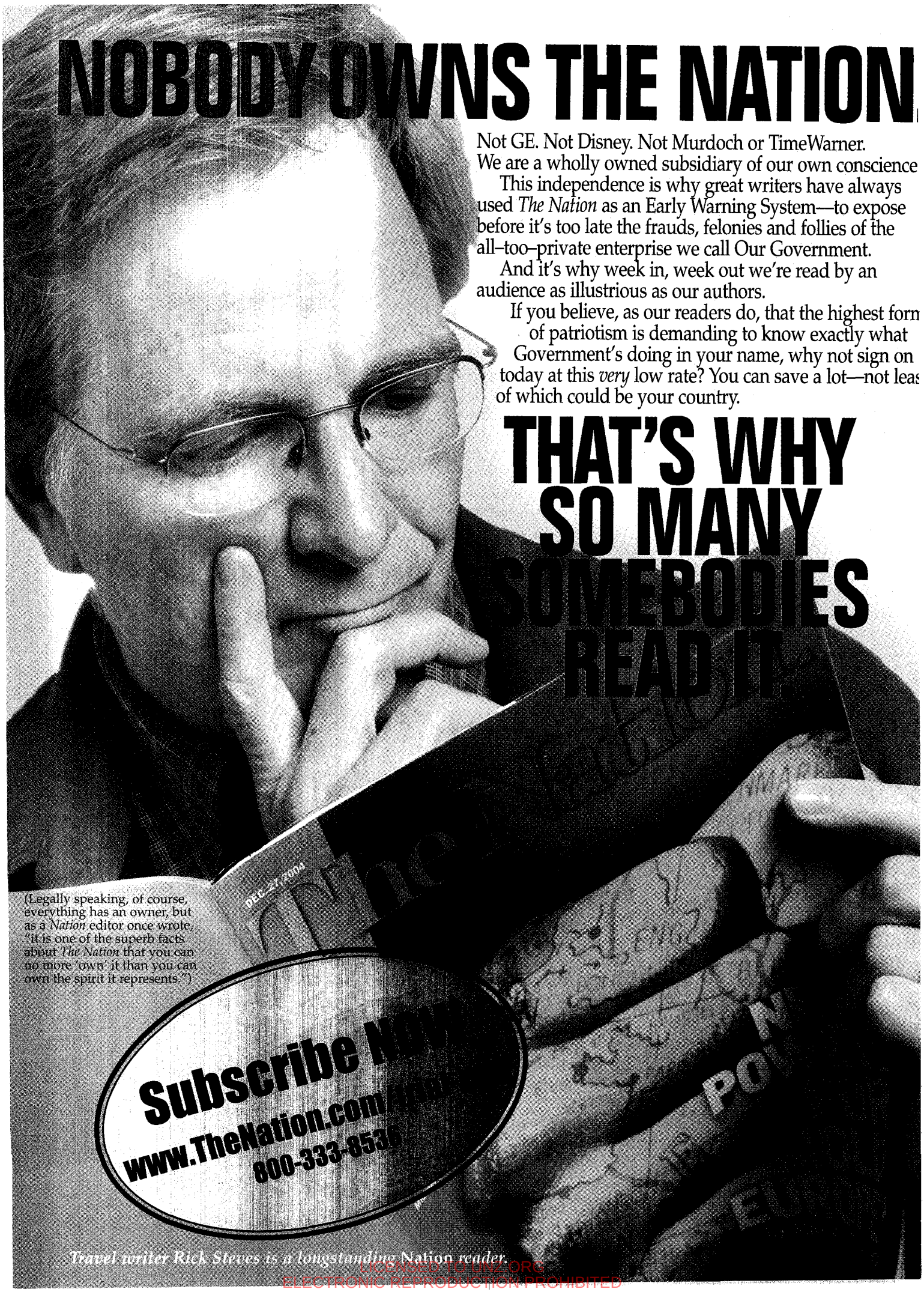
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the James Madison Program in American Ideals and Institutions, an academic center he founded in 2000 "to sustain America's experiment in ordered liberty." On the surface, the program appears modeled after institutions like Princeton's Center for Human Values and New York University's Remarque Institute. However, it functions in many ways as a vehicle for conservative interests, using funding from a shadowy, cultlike Catholic group and right-wing foundations to support gatherings of movement activists, fellowships for ideologically correct visiting professors and a cadre of conservative students.

George's program has become the blueprint for the right's strategy to extend and consolidate power within the university system. Stanley Kurtz described the plan for *National Review* this past April: "Princeton's Madison Program is a model for solving the political-correctness problem in the academy as a whole. We may not be able to do much about tenured humanities and social science faculties at elite colleges that are liberal by margins of more than 90 percent. But setting up small enclaves of professors with more conservative views is a real possibility."

The creation of the Madison Program would not have been possible without the acquiescence of Princeton's administration, which, after permitting its establishment, has embraced it. In doing so, Princeton has become a testing ground for the latest phase in the right's effort to politicize the academy. And while George maintains that his agenda at Princeton is above politics, even his friends describe him as a savvy right-wing operative boring from within the liberal infrastructure. As an article in *Crisis*, a conservative Catholic magazine then published by George's ally Deal Hudson, pithily put it in 2003, "If there really is a vast, right-wing conspiracy, its leaders probably meet in George's basement."

Culture Warrior

The man who spearheads the right's new campus strategy traveled an unlikely route to his destiny. George was raised in a family of New Deal Democrats living in the coal-mining town of Morgantown, West Virginia. As an idealistic high school senior in 1972, he volunteered for George McGovern's presidential campaign. His politics took a sharp right turn, however, when he arrived at Swarthmore College and came under the influence of political science professor James Kurth, a self-described former "borderline Marxist" turned conservative evangelical. "He urged us to question the campus orthodoxy and the herd mentality of faculty and students," George told the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* about his mentor.

George went on to Harvard Law School, then Oxford, where he earned a doctorate in philosophy and finally wound up at Princeton, where he was given tenure in its politics department in 1993. Several years later, George was awarded the prestigious McCormick Professorship of Jurisprudence originally held by Woodrow Wilson.

But success in the academic world has not quelled George's suspicion that liberal bias lurks behind the door of every faculty lounge, ready to snuff out any sign of conservative politics. "The only way I made it is that there were honorable liberals prepared to support me," George told me. "But today, the hegemonic point of view is the liberal point of view on universities. So if you have a conservative student, I'm thinking it would be great to have him as a professor at Williams or Yale, or Oklahoma, but look what he faces. If they find out he's pro-life or against same-sex marriage, he might be cut off, or not be able to get through graduate school." When I asked George if he had firsthand knowledge of conservative students being "cut off" by liberal discrimination, he said he did not.

George's rise through the ranks of academia coincided with his emergence as a central figure among a rising cohort of right-wing Catholic political leaders. Besides George, significant members of this generation are Deal Hudson, Senator Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania and Amherst jurisprudence professor Hadley Arkes (who is reportedly Jewish, though he travels almost exclusively in Catholic right political and intellectual circles).

With the ascendancy of George W. Bush, the Catholic right was invested with unprecedented power. During the 2000 and 2004 presidential campaigns, one of Bush's operatives, former RNC chief and chief Enron lobbyist Ed Gillespie, also a right-wing Catholic, tapped George and Hudson to teach Bush how to "speak Catholic," as *Commonweal* magazine put it. The relationship was formalized when the RNC hired Hudson, also a regular adviser to Karl Rove, as its Catholic Outreach director. Hudson successfully pressed some conservative Catholic bishops to pledge to deny communion to John Kerry, one of the most effective tactics deployed in the presidential campaign. (Hudson fell out of favor with the White House at the height of the 2004 campaign when the *National Catholic Reporter* revealed that his sexual relationship with a female student had cost him his professorship at Fordham University ten years before. Right before the story broke, he resigned his RNC post.)

Among George's Catholic right allies, Arkes is the one he is probably closest to. He and Arkes helped the Bush White House promote nominees to the Supreme Court and provided Santorum with advice on opposing abortion and same-sex marriage. Though Arkes has advised Santorum to whittle away incrementally at abortion rights through legislation like the so-called "partial-birth" abortion ban, his philosophical opposition to abortion is absolute, to the point that he has appeared to condone murder. In 1994, amid a spate of violent attacks against women's health clinics, Arkes participated in a symposium called "Killing Abortionists" where he compared antiabortion activist Paul Hill's assassination of Dr. John Britton and his bodyguard to Jews killing "guards and executioners on their way to work in Auschwitz."

Speaking at the same symposium, George pledged he would continue "respecting the rights of conscience of my fellow citizens who believe that the killing of abortionists is sometimes a tragic necessity—not a good, but a lesser evil." Nine years later George's James Madison Program awarded Arkes a fellowship along with a $25,000 grant.

Like Arkes, George's philosophy is grounded in his reading of natural law, a school of thought derived from the teachings of thirteenth-century Catholic thinker Thomas Aquinas, which

Max Blumenthal is a Puffin Foundation writing fellow at The Nation Institute.

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holds that moral principles are inherent in human consciousness and reflected by a God-given ability to reason. Natural law informs much of George's 2001 book, *The Clash of Orthodoxies: Law, Religion and Morality in Crisis*, especially its passages on sexual morality. "The plain fact is that the genitals of men and women are reproductive organs all of the time—even during periods of sterility," he writes. To curb sexual practices he views as immoral, including oral sex and masturbation (which he calls "bad" sex), George supports state laws banning sodomy, adultery and fornication.

The influence of George's mentor, Kurth, on the *Clash of Orthodoxies* is also apparent. Kurth is a paleoconservative of the Pat Buchanan variety who opposes the war in Iraq almost as strongly as he supports the right's kulturkampf. He articulated his views most explicitly in a 2004 essay for Buchanan's *American Conservative* magazine, arguing that since the "golden age" of the 1950s, Western civilization and its supposedly Christian underpinnings have been most seriously threatened not from without by communism or Islam (which he called "merely a disease of the skin") but undermined from within by "political and economic elites."

But which "elites" does he have in mind? Unlike conservatives who inveigh against some nebulous cosmopolitan element, Kurth names names. "This development," he wrote, referring to the decline of Western civilization, "was related to the collapse of the Protestant (WASP) ascendancy in the American intellectual and legal elites and to the ascendancy of Jews into those elites."

Five years earlier, in an article for the conservative Catholic journal *First Things*, George had called Kurth "brilliant" and outlined Kurth's impact on his own thinking. "Kurth argued persuasively that the clash that is coming—and has, indeed, already begun," George said, "is not so much among the world's great civilizations as it is within the civilization of the West, between those who claim the Judeo-Christian worldview and those who have abandoned that worldview in favor of the 'isms' of contemporary American life—feminism, multiculturalism, gay liberationism, lifestyle liberalism—what I here lump together as a family called 'the secularist orthodoxy.'"

For George, the culture war is a clash of civilizations. You're either with him or you're with the secularists. Entrenched at Princeton, he is taking the fight to the enemy.

Point Man for the 'Fifty-Year Project'

For decades conservatives have viewed America's university system as a dangerous cradle of radicalism. Frank Chodorov, founder of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute (ISI), was among the first to propose a campaign to assert right-wing influence over universities as a central tactic in the conservative movement's grand strategy.

"What the socialists have done can be undone, if there is a will for it," Chodorov wrote in his 1962 autobiography, *Out of Step*. "Individualism can be revived by implanting the ideas in the minds of the coming generations.... It is, in short, a fifty-year project."

Under the guidance of former Nixon Treasury Secretary William Simon, who once compared universities to insane asylums, industrial chieftains like John Olin, Harry and Lynde Bradley, and Richard Mellon Scaife bankrolled the fifty-year project, funneling whopping grants to outfits like Accuracy in Academia and ISI. While Accuracy in Academia hyped and, on occasion, manufactured supposed "campus political correctness atrocities," ISI provided a support structure for right-wing academics while grooming a cadre of student activists to, in the group's own words, "battle the radicals and PC types on campuses."

Thanks in no small part to such outside right-wing funding, Princeton's conservative tradition is among the most robust of American universities. When Princeton lifted its quota on black students in the late 1960s, then began admitting women in 1969, a group of disgruntled right-wing alumni—who would eventually be joined by Samuel Alito, now a Supreme Court Justice—formed the Concerned Alumni of Princeton to fight back. Later on, with financial backing from well-heeled sources, conservative students founded a magazine called *The Princeton Tory*, which once declared "Open Season on Liberals," featuring a photograph of a rifle-toting hunter on its cover. If anyone was being intimidated on campus, it was not conservatives.

George's arrival at Princeton was greeted with intense enthusiasm by conservative outfits interested in establishing a foothold there. In 1995, the Earhart Foundation, a major donor to ISI, began subsidizing him with annual "summer money" payments of up to $25,000.

That same year, Earhart waded into an ethical swamp when it bankrolled a glowing review of George's book *Making Men Moral*. The reviewer was Christopher Wolfe, a Marquette University professor and longtime friend and collaborator of George's. (In 1999 George contributed to Wolfe's antigay tract *Homosexuality and American Public Life*, and the two co-edited another volume, *Natural Law and Public Reason*.)

Earhart paid Wolfe the unusual sum of $7,000 to review the book for ISI's *Political Science Reviewer*. "In a better world," Wolfe gushed, "'Making Men Moral' would bring about a revolution in contemporary thought on civil liberties." He concluded with a prediction that George's future work would be "one of the most important intellectual and political projects of our generation." (Wolfe acknowledged a relationship with the Earhart Foundation in his article.)

Asked about the ethics of an outside foundation paying a professor $7,000 for a review essay in an academic journal, Rogers Smith, professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania and governing council member of the American Political Science Association, responded, "That would be scandalous, clearly a breach of professional standards of intellectual honesty." Jeffrey Isaac, professor of political science at Indiana University and book review editor of the APSA's *Perspectives on Politics*, said, "I would never publish a review that has been financed outside, under any circumstances." Claiming he could not recall Wolfe's review, George told me, "I don't have any trouble with collaborators reviewing my books."

Wolfe brushed aside questions about any ethical problem with his review. In an e-mailed response, he defended himself: "By its critical analysis of certain parts of George's argument,

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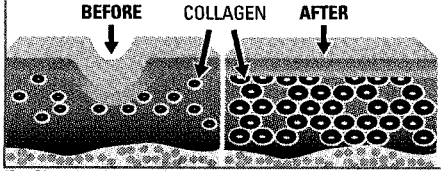

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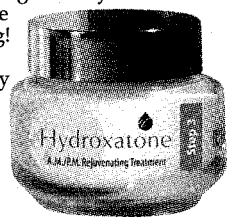

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the article was part of an ongoing debate about the proper understanding of natural law theory within the community of natural law-oriented scholars. For the Earhart Foundation to provide support for scholarship of this sort raises no ethical questions at all (except in the positive ethical sense that they are providing a valuable public service)."

Cashing In on Controversy

In 1999, while conservative donors sought increased opportunities for expanding right-wing presence on campus, Princeton became the site of a perfect storm. That year, the school hired Peter Singer, an internationally renowned ethicist who had become a bête noire of the right for his philosophical discussion of the painless euthanasia of severely disabled infants. Singer's hiring at the school's Center for Human Values generated angry right-wing protests on campus and an ensuing media firestorm. George played no small part in inciting the controversy.

The row was ignited when 250 demonstrators gathered outside Princeton's gates on Singer's first day of class in September 1999. They were addressed by billionaire Princeton trustee and then-candidate for the GOP presidential nomination, Steve Forbes. Forbes vowed to withhold his donations to Princeton until it fired Singer. In an open letter, Forbes reiterated his pledge to withhold his money and praised "those who are calling on Princeton's leadership to relieve this man [Singer] of his duties and affiliation with this great university." Among the "heroes," Forbes hailed "Professor Robert George."

While Forbes used his financial muscle to strong-arm the school, George took to the media. He was interviewed at the height of the controversy on PBS's *Religion and Ethics Newsweekly* and introduced as "one of Singer's strongest critics." The right-wing *Washington Times* also turned to him for criticisms of Singer. Though the university did not fire Singer, the controversy contributed to a much larger victory for George and his allies.

Just months after the Singer affair, the James Madison Program sprang to life fully funded. Forbes was a major donor to the program. From 2004 to 2005 Forbes and his younger brother Christopher donated $1,105,625 to Princeton, much of which went to the Madison Program. (Steve Forbes sits on the program's advisory board.) Princeton's acquiescence in the Madison Program's creation hints that at least one of Princeton's motivations was to make peace with one of its largest donors. Indeed, with the Madison Program in place, Forbes reversed his iron-clad vow to make all future donations contingent on the firing of Singer.

George responded to my questions about Forbes's benefaction and the genesis of the Madison Program by saying, "The James Madison Program was already established when Steve Forbes called to say that he had heard about the new program and wanted to know more. We discussed the program's mission, activities and plans. I don't recall him saying anything about Peter Singer." Princeton's Office of Development routed questions about the Singer affair to the school's spokesperson, Cass Cliatt. Without directly addressing the controversy that erupted after Singer was hired, Cliatt stated, "There is no evidence of any connection between the faculty appointment [of Singer] and the creation of the Madison Program." Yet detailed accounts by two of George's fellow *National Review* contributors tell a decidedly different story from the one Princeton has given. Though neither account discusses Forbes's role in the Madison Program's establishment, they both assert a clear link between the Singer controversy and the genesis of the program.

In an article published last April in *National Review* titled "The Princeton Way," Stanley Kurtz wrote, "Establishing an alternative program is what Princeton did when it faced alumni anger for hiring euthanasia-advocate Peter Singer. In response to the Singer hiring, Princeton created the Madison Program, headed by the brilliant natural-law theorist, social conservative, and frequent NR/NRO [*National Review*] contributor Robert George. Now social conservatives at Princeton have a place to go."

A newly published book by *National Review* political reporter John Miller about one of the Madison Program's major donors, the John M. Olin Foundation, *A Gift of Freedom: How the John M. Olin Foundation Changed America*, augments Kurtz's history by suggesting that George milked the Singer controversy for donations. "In 2000, at a time when the [Olin] foundation was turning down virtually every new proposal that came its way," Miller writes, "it decided to provide $525,000 in startup money for the James Madison Program in American Ideals and Institutions at Princeton University.... The Madison Program benefited from a debate surrounding Princeton's decision to hire Peter Singer, a left-wing advocate of eugenics, to lead what was supposedly a center for bioethics." (Branding Singer an "advocate of eugenics" is a falsehood that is a hallmark of the campaign against him.)

Olin's donations were supplemented by the Bradley Foundation, which supported Charles Murray's infamous book *The Bell Curve* (written with Richard Herrnstein), which asserted that blacks and Latinos are less intelligent than whites. Between 2002 and 2003 Bradley dumped about $400,000 into the Madison Program; in February 2005 the foundation presented George with an additional $250,000 "award" at a black-tie gala at Washington's Kennedy Center. In his acceptance speech before 500 Republican revelers, George waxed nostalgic. "When the program was little more than a twinkle in my eye," he said, "the Bradley Foundation played a critical role in two ways: It joined the John M. Olin Foundation, the Donner Foundation and several dedicated individual donors in providing much needed funding—as it continues to do."

George also tapped into his connections with the Catholic right for more funding. Between 2000 and 2002 the Madison Program received more than $330,000 from groups with innocuous-sounding names like the Association for Cultural Interchange (ACI), the Clover Foundation and the Higher Education Initiatives Fund. Last spring the *Daily Princetonian* campus newspaper revealed these to be conduits for funding by Opus Dei, a secretive, cultish Catholic group founded by fascist sympathizer Josemaría Escrivá. Luis Tellez, the leader of ACI, who runs an Opus Dei student house on the outskirts of the campus, sits on the Madison Program's advisory council.

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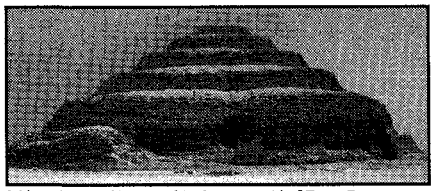

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Sakkara (Saqqarah), Memphis: Step pyramid of Zoser, Egypt.

About Your Professor

Dr. Kenneth W. Harl is Professor of Classical and Byzantine History at Tulane University in New Orleans, where he has been teaching since 1978. He holds his Master's and Ph.D. from Yale University. He has earned Tulane's annual Student Award for Excellence in Teaching nine times and received Baylor University's nationwide Robert Foster Cherry Award for Great Teachers. A veteran field researcher, he has published numerous articles and written two books.

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George flatly denies that the Madison Program accepts money from Opus Dei. "I can tell you categorically we have never taken a dime from Opus Dei," he stated. But when asked if his program has taken money from foundations funded by Opus Dei, he was less unequivocal: "As far as I know, we have never...I have no idea. Maybe the Scaife Foundation has some Opus Dei connection. This is ridiculous."

George also denied that the Madison Program is a proxy for conservative movement interests. "It's misleading to call the program a conservative program, but it's certainly not misleading to call me a conservative," he explained. "And I think because I'm the leader of the program, it takes a certain coloration." A puff piece about George by the journal of the Philanthropy Roundtable, a conservative group that organizes foundation grants to movement activists, reflects the extent to which his donors propel the Madison Program's agenda. "George established a secure beachhead for traditional views at Princeton, and waited to push inland," *Philanthropy* wrote. "The foundations and philanthropists gave him the opportunity."

Because the program is largely autonomous, it remains unclear who will succeed George as its leader, and how that decision will be reached—and whether any thought has been given to these matters either by the program or Princeton.

Finally Cheerful

A glance at the Madison Program's apparatus reveals a "coloration" more akin to the Heritage Foundation or the American Enterprise Institute than the benign, albeit slightly right-of-center academic institution George has described. Perhaps it is no wonder a favorable but factual January 1 profile of George in the Trenton *Times* described his program as "a conservative think tank."

Besides packing the Madison Program's advisory council with right-wing donors (as many partisan think tanks do with their boards of directors), George has assembled a collection of visiting fellows rife with academic neophytes and unknowns—many of whom have also been fellows of foundations like Olin and Bradley. Unlike most other academic centers on campus, the Madison Program accepts no endowment money from Princeton. The school, therefore, pays nothing for the services of Madison fellows, and their academic credentials are left to George to determine.

One of George's fellows, Matthew Holland, a political science professor at Brigham Young University, has not written a single book. According to Holland's biography, his "current research project examines what it might mean for public policy and constitutional interpretation in America today if liberal political theory took as seriously as the founders did the notion that freedom was something to be preserved as well as enjoyed."

Many of the Madison Program's visiting fellows have taught courses in Princeton's politics department or precepted for other professors. This spring the program will bring the University of Toronto's Rabbi David Novak to campus to teach a course on natural law in Judaism and Christianity. Novak is another close ally of George's. In 1994 they signed a manifesto against homosexuality that stated, "The gay and lesbian movement...have unloosed a great moral agitation in our culture."

George has attracted ideologically like-minded students to the Madison Program by offering them "junior fellowships." Many of these junior fellows are simultaneously affiliated with Opus Dei, according to the *Daily Princetonian*. Many of the staff members of *The Princeton Tory* are Madison junior fellows, as is the president of the Princeton College Republicans. This is what *National Review*'s Kurtz meant when he hailed the program for giving social conservatives "a place to go."

By intensifying conservatism's imprint on Princeton's curriculums, George claimed to me that he has ingratiated himself with the school. "Alumni and members of the university community, including people in the development office," he said, "have reported to me that my presence in the university and as the leader of a program has been remarked on favorably as showing that Princeton is a place that truly values intellectual diversity."

It's a good thing Princeton approves—or appears to approve—of what George is doing. Because as *Philanthropy* suggests, the Madison Program's refusal to accept a university endowment prevents the school from exercising leverage over it. "Without an endowment," the magazine writes, "there is nothing for the university to seize if it were to take over the Madison Program. At the slightest threat to the program's integrity, the foundations and philanthropists supporting it can pull their money."

The Madison Program has made its presence felt beyond conservative circles through the often provocative lectures George convenes. Past events include "Contemporary Politics of Immigration in the United States," which, besides various academic experts on the topic, featured white nationalist author Peter Brimelow. Then there was "Lawrence v. Texas: The Worst Supreme Court Decision in History?" and most recently, "The Conservative Movement: Its Past, Present and Future," which George organized with Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School.

During the "Conservative Movement" conference, William Bennett touted his civil rights credentials while denouncing Democrats for being "against America." Seated beside George's mentor, James Kurth, neoconservative pundit Frank Gaffney held forth that "the metastasized danger we face today" from terrorism should be attributed to George Bush Sr. and the "left-wing" Bill Clinton. Gaffney also took time to promote his new anthology, *War Footing: 10 Steps America Must Take to Prevail in the War for the Free World*, in which an afterword states, "No more praise for those who dissent. When they ask, 'Wouldn't you fight for my right to dissent?' I have to answer, 'Not right now.'"

The most startling surprise of the conference came when a mystery guest, Bush's political "architect," Karl Rove, signed in for a question-and-answer session. George's invitation to Rove might have been considered ironic in light of George's hostile attitude when President Bill Clinton was invited to speak at a 2000 Princeton conference on the Progressive Era and its Presidents (including former president of Princeton Woodrow Wilson). After rejecting an invitation to participate, George sent the *Wall Street Journal* an editorial he had written that,

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he told the *Journal*, the conference's planners had bullied the *Daily Princetonian* into spiking. Then he took his case to the conservative group Accuracy in Academia, asking of Clinton's visit, "Now what kind of a message does it send to have somebody with that record of mendacity coming in to be celebrated in an academic conference? What's it say about the standards of truthfulness in academia?"

But George was enthused when the possibility of Rove's visit arose. Rove's appearance was kept a surprise to all in attendance, pre-empting any protests his presence might have spawned. Throughout his talk Secret Service agents were posted at discreet positions in the lecture hall and C-SPAN's cameras were not allowed to film. According to George, Rove defended the Bush Administration's conservative credentials against a series of pointed questions about federal spending and what one attendee called "the abandonment of limited government principles." One of the few journalists in attendance—and the only self-identified liberal who spoke at the conference—Rick Perlstein, author of a pathbreaking book on Barry Goldwater, offered an account for the Huffington Post blog, in which he described how Rove "defended his conservative purity by boasting of how he pressured a reluctant Republican into voting for a free trade bill ('That sombitch was cryin!')."

While conservatives bemoan the betrayal of their principles in spite of their majority status in every branch of government, they take heart from George's project at Princeton. The James Madison Program has come a long way since 2001, when George disparaged Princeton as a place dominated by "thinned-out new-age spiritualities and vague references to ideals that are beyond the material, but without any substance or rootedness in Christianity, in the Hebraic tradition, even in the classical tradition." Princeton capitulated to George's attack on its own faculty, his colleagues—thinking, perhaps, that by turning the other cheek and letting the attack stand, the university would enhance its image as tolerant.

Today, George's attitude seems to have softened. His stable of donors is steadily growing—for the first time, it includes the venerable Scaife Foundation. And as the Madison Program expands its breadth on campus, those members of Princeton's faculty and administration George calls "honorable liberals" like what they see.

"I'm not anguished about the environment or the climate," George said. "I'm cheerful. Heck, I can't complain about the way I've been treated by Princeton." ■

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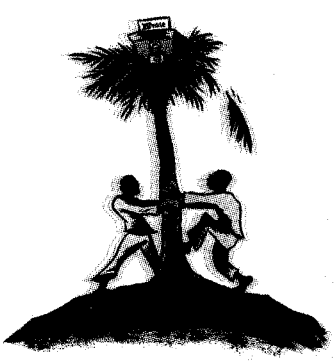
The Fight for Haiti

KATHIE KLARREICH

It seemed almost too good to be true, and it was. And then it wasn't. Haitian politics played out in classic form in February, with all the drama aptly associated with this enigmatic and impoverished nation. Guns had gone underground, kidnappings had stopped and Port-au-Prince streets that had resembled target practice became accessible as an unprecedented number of voters took to the polls to vote in Haiti's presidential and parliamentary elections February 7. The elections were as much a triumph for the Haitian people, whose resolve for change was matched only by the absence of organized violence and intimidation previously associated with Haitian elections, as they were a vote for a new government.



RYAN INZANA

But like so much of what happens in Haiti, the tide of good will quickly dissolved into a sea of protest, confusion and bitter déjà vu as days dragged on without electoral resolution. Initial results showed that the most popular candidate, René Garcia Préval, was leading with more than 60 percent; when his numbers began to drop, the Carnivalesque atmosphere in the streets morphed into angry demonstrations that paralyzed the capital, halted traffic, closed schools, shut down businesses and caused flight cancellations. Partisans stormed the mountainside hotel that had become ground zero for election results, with hundreds of clothed protesters taking a dip in the pool to cool off as visiting South African Archbishop Desmond Tutu looked on from his balcony. Six days after the election, with 90 percent of the vote tabulated, Préval's lead had dipped to 48.7 percent, just short of the 50 percent he needed to declare a first-round victory. Stolen again, the people cried, taking to the streets the next day, and the day after, until they finally heard that a technical decision had been reached allowing the Electoral Council to announce that Préval was the winner, reigniting the celebratory pumping and gyrating.

There had been reason for concern. The most polarizing figure in Haiti's recent political arena, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, had twice won the presidency and had twice been forced out, first in a 1991 military coup d'état seven months after taking office and then again in 2004, two years shy of the end of his five-year term. Although the former president currently lives in exile in South Africa with his wife and two daughters, the distance hasn't diminished his influence on the Haitian political scene. He remains wildly popular at the same time that he is feared and despised, a contradiction that accurately reflects

Kathie Klarreich, a freelance journalist, has lived in and covered Haiti for nearly two decades. Her memoir, Madame Dread: A Tale of Love, Vodou and Civil Strife in Haiti, *was published by Nation Books this past fall.*

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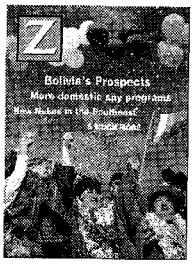

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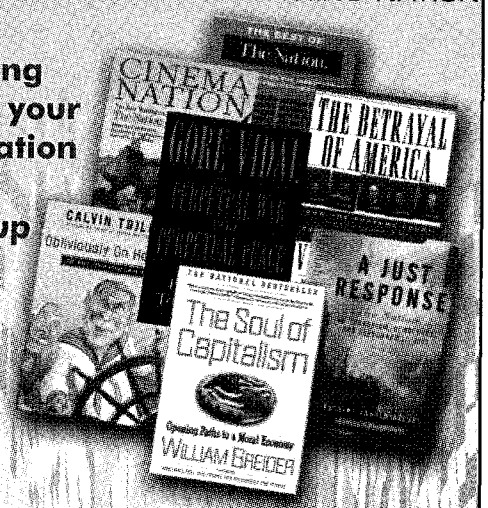

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GREAT GIFTS

Haiti's fractured society and that was played out again in the allegiances of the thirty-three presidential candidates. And therein lies the quandary, the decisive make-or-break challenge for Préval: Can he unite a country that has as many divisions as political parties? Can he negotiate a détente with an actively hostile opposition, a wary international community and armed supporters? Finally, can the man who ten years ago stumbled into his first presidential term on the coattails of his predecessor demonstrate that he is no longer Aristide's twin?

In Haiti perception is everything. For Préval partisans, many of whom rose before dawn to form long lines that snaked down country dirt roads or alongside urban piles of garbage and sewage, no amount of explanation was going to justify their candidate having to compete in a second round. That would be like losing Aristide a third time. In contrast, anti-Aristide people viewed the presence of tens of thousands of Préval supporters on the streets as a clear signal that the tactics of the two leaders were the same, to be feared and tempered. They denounced the negotiated solution, questioning the power of mass demonstrations in a country where the rule of law has never been practiced by the book. In this case, the ambiguity of the law served to keep the lid on the powder keg: The electoral law required that blank votes be included in the final tally. An unprecedented number, about one out of twenty-five, had decreased Préval's percentage; but when the blank votes were divided proportionally among the presidential candidates, Préval's total tipped over the 50 percent mark, allowing a first-round victory.

The international community was quick to embrace the solution, in which its members had played a part behind the scenes but which they just as quickly said was a "Haitian solution to a Haitian problem with a president who is a favorite of the majority of the country," according to United Nations spokesman David Wimhurst. This was not necessarily the best solution, admitted one of Préval's closest advisers, because it left unanswered the question of what role fraud had played in the election. "What else can you do?" he asked. "You have a population about to erupt. It may come out later what this was all about, but for the time being, there aren't any other options. Let's look forward now."

How things play out over the next five years depends in large part on Préval's leadership, which doesn't seem to be a trait critics and even some of his friends say is strongly developed, yet was evidenced in his handling of the electoral crisis. While he is credited with building roads, beginning the implementation of a national agrarian reform program and lowering the price of fertilizer during his 1996–2001 term, he was also perceived as a puppet of Tabarre, the area where Aristide settled after his first five-year term ended in 1996. Préval may be most famous for being Haiti's only democratic leader to complete his five-year term, a remarkable feat given that Haiti has had more than forty governments since it declared independence in 1804 and at least twelve just since the 1986 fall of the Duvalier dictatorship. In 2001 Préval retreated from the public eye to his family's home in Marmelade; with an investment from Taiwan he developed coffee, citrus and bamboo plantations. He re-emerged on the political scene and registered as a presidential candidate on the last day possible with a new party, Lespwa—"hope" in Creole—

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rather than with Aristide's party, Family Lavalas.

Préval, who had voted in Marmelade, wasn't planning to return to the capital until the vote was certified, but recognizing the potential for a social explosion, he boarded a UN helicopter six days after the elections to consult with his core group of advisers as well as key members of the international community. On February 14 he announced that he was going to launch a legal investigation into the vote, charging massive fraud, which was supported by the discovery a day later of thousands of ballots and other electoral material in a dump just outside the capital. In a calm but passionate appeal, Préval defended his supporters' right to demonstrate but asked them to do so peacefully and with respect. And they did. Préval's statesmanlike call and the response that followed were in marked contrast to a similar situation that had occurred in 1991, in the weeks between Aristide's election and inauguration, when thousands of his supporters took to the streets to prevent a coup, then went on a rampage and destroyed property. Aristide's defense as to why he didn't tell people to go back home was that he was just president-elect.

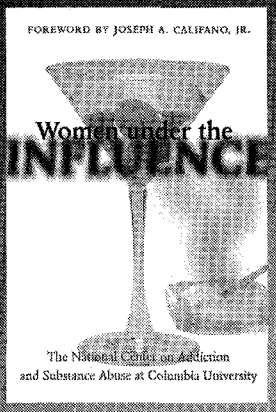
"Préval took leadership this week," said Robert Maguire, a longtime Haiti observer and professor at Trinity University, shortly after the election. "He spoke clearly and directly to the people and asked them not to back off but to protect their interest, and people listened. It was quite a change of pattern from what we've seen in Haitian leadership previously." Jocelyn McCalla of the New York–based National Coalition for Haitian Rights, who has been highly critical of the Aristide government, added, "It demonstrates an understanding that for Haiti to move forward, it is going to need peace, calm and stability and a lot of effort and compromise from people with various backgrounds and ideologies to work together."

But trust is in as short a supply as dollars in this bankrupt country, where only 10 percent of the $1.2 billion of development aid pledged by the international community in 2004 has been delivered. These elections were Haiti's most expensive—$75 million—and run by an incompetent Provisional Electoral Council (CEP). The nine-member board was sanctioned by an equally incompetent interim government that had been strong-armed into place by the international community, then left on its own. Many people wonder how, if the CEP can't get the little things right, like the spelling of candidates' names on its website or math calculations that show percentages going down when votes go up, it could possibly have the capacity to oversee any vote at all.

But even those who experienced the chaos of the election firsthand still believe the electoral process can work. César Joynel oversaw the voting at twenty-three stations (which could accommodate 400 voters each); he worked more than forty-two hours straight for a mere $50 to insure a change in government. Although he lost his voice and went without eating or sleeping, his determination to be part of the electoral process never wavered. "My vote is the only thing I have," the 34-year-old unemployed father said. "Take this away from me, and I've got nothing."

Ironically, it was the intervention of the UN peacekeeping force that saved Joynel from being mobbed by poll workers, who thought he, rather than the electoral council, was responsible for their paychecks when the last of the ballots in his station

"I didn't really understand what it was going to take to beat my addiction."
—Jamie Lee Curtis


FOREWORD BY JOSEPH A. CALIFANO, JR.
Women under the
INFLUENCE
The National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse at Columbia University

"This book reveals the unique characteristics of girls and women with drug and alcohol problems. It will greatly enhance the ability of doctors and counselors to help women of all ages and walks of life."
—Betty Ford

Women under the Influence
The National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse at Columbia University
foreword by Joseph A. Califano, Jr.

Covering a broad range of substances—nicotine, alcohol, prescription and illicit drugs—this book addresses the unique reasons that girls and women smoke and abuse alcohol and drugs. It documents the physical and emotional effects of substance abuse, explores the role of the advertising and entertainment industries in popularizing various substances of abuse, and discusses the way America responds to this enormous health problem.

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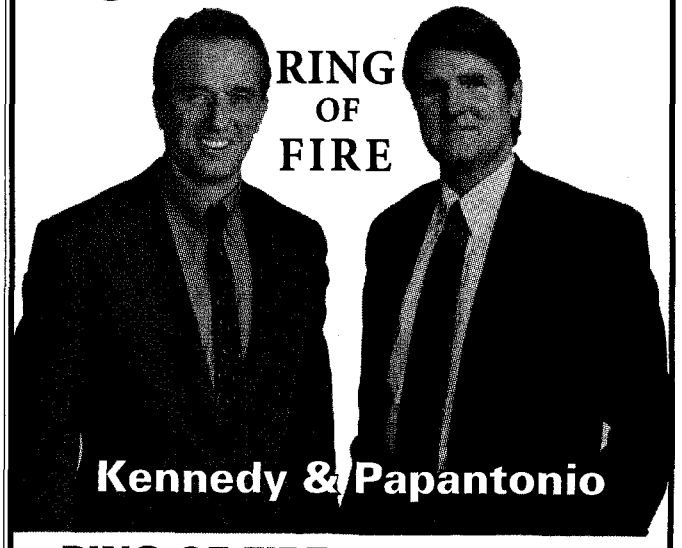

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were counted. Joynel is no fan of the blue helmets—he lives in Cité Soleil, the seaside slum that had become such a hotbed of gang warfare that even the peacekeepers were unable to bring stability. Over the past two years 1,500 have died, and Haitians have been gripped by a kidnapping craze that at its height claimed more than ten victims a day. The UN mandate in Haiti was renewed in mid-February for another six months; Préval has said that the international force should stay as long as it is needed, which, given the wretched state of Haiti's security force and the country's corrupt judicial system, could be years.

The soft-spoken president-elect, who according to friends is better known for his abundance of good will than his long-range planning, is counting on massive international aid to jump-start the country's economy, which has been declining steadily for years. He knows it will take decades to improve conditions in this poorest country in the hemisphere, where 80 percent of the population lives in dire poverty. While Préval may not convince his fiercest rivals, Charles Henri Baker and Leslie Manigat—whose combined votes were less than half of Préval's—to work with him, he has won over some members of the business community, who helped bankroll his campaign. He also has the support of other presidential candidates, who recognize his indisputable popularity. "A more difficult question," asked University of Virginia Professor Robert Fatton, "is what is he going to do with the armed Aristide supporters who want to bring Aristide back?"

Préval has said publicly that as a private citizen, Aristide is welcome to return, but it seems counterintuitive for Préval to encourage the move if he's trying to create a new image as an independent leader. Just one day after the election, acting US chargé d'affaires to Haiti Timothy Carney said, "Aristide is on his way to becoming as irrelevant to Haiti as Jean-Claude [Duvalier], and with no future. Aristide is now demonstrated to be a man of the past." That may be wishful thinking, but it also provides an insight into the direction the United States would like the new government to take.

Préval, who according to James Dobbins, President Clinton's special envoy to Haiti, was not the GOP Administration's first choice in these elections, is aware of the delicate line he's walking with the Americans, whose meddling in Haitian affairs has been heavily criticized as destabilizing the country's democratic process. Despite reinstating Aristide with the support of 20,000 troops in 1994, the United States not only undermined his presidency publicly by imposing an international embargo a few years later but is generally thought to have actively worked behind the scenes to help depose him. Préval recognizes the potential for the international tide to turn against him, and he has to juggle that, just as he has to strike a balance with the armed gangs that support him. How he handles such issues will ultimately define his second term, which is scheduled to begin March 29. ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

exist prior to commencement of the tap. Cole's piece bolsters my position that people have the right to remain tentative and hypothetical until after Congress reports factual findings, a process that admittedly might take months.

PETER LUSHING, *Professor of Law*
Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law

COLE REPLIES

Washington, DC

■ Carol Frenier describes yet another myth propagated by the Bush Administration. The FISA review court in 2002 did say *in dictum* that Congress cannot "encroach on the President's constitutional power" to conduct foreign intelligence surveillance. But it upheld FISA's constitutionality, so its holding precludes the conclusion that any regulation of foreign intelligence gathering by the President amounts to "encroachment." The court did not even attempt to define what sorts of regulations would constitute impermissible "encroachment," but its holding makes clear that it did not consider FISA to come close to such encroachment. In addition, the court cited only a decision holding that before FISA was enacted, the President had inherent authority to engage in foreign intelligence surveillance, and that acknowledged the propriety of FISA (see *United States v. Truong Dinh Hung*, 629 F.2d 908, 915 n.4, 4th Cir. 1980). The President's authority to act in the absence of any statutory guidance is very different from his authority to violate a criminal prohibition enacted by Congress.

Professor Lushing is correct that FISA requires warrants either when surveillance is targeted at a US citizen within the United States or when the information is physically acquired here. And he is right that one cannot use the seventy-two-hour period to develop evidence to support probable cause—the factual predicate must exist before the wiretap is put in place. But while he certainly has a right to remain "tentative and hypothetical," I think we can judge the Administration on the legal claims it has made—especially its claim that the President as Commander in Chief cannot be restricted in any conduct that falls within the "means and methods of engaging the enemy." That position—which would mean the laws prohibiting torture; cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment; arbitrary detention; and warrantless wiretapping of Americans are all unconstitutional—is not "tentative" or "hypothetical," and we must be neither tentative nor hypothetical in rejecting it.

DAVID COLE

MORE ON WIRETAPS

Amherst, Mass.

■ A critical piece of DoJ testimony has gone unnoticed. On September 20, 2002, Associate Deputy Attorney General David Kris testified before the Senate Judiciary Committee on FISA. Lost in Kris's 4,000-word official transcript is a sworn statement that directly contradicts a major alibi Bush has been floating: "Let me repeat for emphasis: We cannot monitor anyone today whom we could not have monitored at this time last year" (see www.usdoj.gov/dag/testimony/2002/krissenjud091002.htm). Kris was clearly indicating that FISA remains in effect, and was not superseded by the Patriot Act or anything else.

ALAN SCHLINGENBAUM

Tempe, Ariz.

■ Worried sick about the state of things in Washington and the world, I turned to poetry. I read "I heard a fly buzz when I died," and what happened is what follows.

EMILY DICKINSON ON WIRETAPS

I heard a faint click when I dialed
Then stillness in the wire
Like the stillness on the lips
Of sailors facing Elmo's fire.

My mouth inside my face was dry
And breaths were dryer still
A suffocation born in fear
Unwarranted and against my will.

I gathered up my natural voice
That portion of my voice I
Could make heard, but then again
There came the tiny sound of spy.

A blue, uncertain, stumbling buzz
Between my listener and me;
And then my courage failed, and then
I could not bring myself to speak.

AMY ANDELORA

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Bad Will Hunting

DANIEL SWIFT

SHAKESPEARE: The Biography.
By Peter Ackroyd.
Doubleday. 572 pp. $32.50.

SHADOWPLAY: The Hidden Beliefs and Coded Politics of William Shakespeare.
By Clare Asquith.
PublicAffairs. 348 pp. $26.95.

"SHAKESPEARE" BY ANOTHER NAME: The Life of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, the Man Who Was Shakespeare.
By Mark Anderson.
Gotham Books. 581 pp. $32.50.

Portraits of Shakespeare don't look like we want them to. In the well-known Chandos portrait, he is swarthily guarded, thuggish, and the only sign of life is the silver hoop in his left ear. Art historians are not sure if this really is a portrait of Shakespeare. The Flower portrait is more promising—the face is serenely human, and the curve of his lip implies a welcome smile—but last year the National Portrait Gallery in London revealed the painting to be a nineteenth-century forgery. And perhaps the best-known contender, the 1623 engraving on the title page of the first complete edition of Shakespeare's works—an oversized head perched awkwardly upon an ornate ruff—was drawn by someone who had never met him. Shakespeare portraiture is a speculative genre, as an exhibition opening at the National Portrait Gallery in March will acknowledge. Called "Searching for Shakespeare," it will present the various contender portraits as possibilities rather than likenesses. "Having a photograph of Shakespeare," wrote Susan Sontag, "would be like having a nail from the True Cross."

If Shakespeare study today is a lively mix of wishfulness, mythology and scholarship, this may simply be because we don't know what he looked like, and what we do know about him is unsatisfactory. It is often claimed that we know little about Shakespeare's life, but this is untrue. We have many life records. The picture they paint, however, is of a man we are unwilling to recognize. He was baptized and buried; he bought malt, houses and land; he sued people who owed him money, and he failed to pay his taxes; he gave legal testimony in a lawsuit over the financial settlement of a marriage, and his will is formulaic and businesslike. According to one seventeenth-century account, he was "not a company keeper," and when asked to a party, he excused himself with a headache. How did this money-worried little capitalist, who conducted his life in a flurry of land deeds and small business ventures, write *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*? As Prospero tells Miranda in *The Tempest*, "My tale provokes that question."

The records force us back to the portraits; but the portraits only look back at us, for apart from their potential inaccuracy, the three images of the artist commonly held to be the greatest writer who ever lived share one central trace. All are watchful; in each, the eyes follow us across the room. We're in the grip of Shakespeare's gaze, mesmerized by the enigma. But inside the works—inside the head, so to speak—are a series of warnings to those who would imagine the man. *Othello*, for one, is the tale of a man whose life is ruined by the stories that others tell about him, and in his desperate final lines the hero pleads to all would-be biographers. "I pray you, in your letters,/When you shall these unlucky deeds relate," he begs, "Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate."

A mesmerizing enigma, Shakespeare has inspired a field of study that blends scholarship with wishfulness and mythology.

The academic study of Shakespeare is a discipline made up of strategies carefully wrought to avoid these matters. Published last fall, Stephen Greenblatt's *Will*

Daniel Swift is writing a PhD dissertation at Columbia University on Shakespeare. He writes regularly for the New York Times Book Review.

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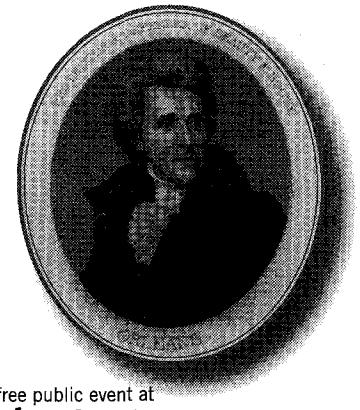

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in the World is a speculative biography that imagines what Shakespeare may have seen and where he may have been; the stylistic tic that most aggravated reviewers was Greenblatt's insistent use of the conditional "perhaps," which carefully signaled that this was, in fact, no more than intellectual fantasy. More recently, Greenblatt's Harvard colleague Marjorie Garber released a 1,000-page bench press of a critical study, *Shakespeare After All*, which studiously avoids any mention of his life and instead finds the plays to refer exclusively to other plays, or to themselves. This past fall saw the publication of *1599: A Year in the Life of William Shakespeare* by James Shapiro, a professor of English literature at Columbia University, which skirts the larger story of the life in favor of a microscopic archeology of the day-to-day of a single year.

But this cautious academic approach to Shakespeare is only one face of the modern cult of the playwright. Like the slasher-movie serial killer, Shakespeare has escaped the grounds of the academic institutions and is now at large in the community. In this alternate universe, the most influential Shakespearean alive today is not Stephen Greenblatt but Julia Stiles, who has played the female lead in three Hollywood updates of Shakespeare plays in the past six years. This worldly Shakespeare is as pinup beautiful as Joseph Fiennes, and his words sit easily in the curled mouth of Leonardo DiCaprio. Such a man demands a flesh-and-blood biography, and three new books, each of which anchor the plays to the man, give it to him.

The hefty biographical confidence of Peter Ackroyd's new life of Shakespeare is evident from the title: simply, *Shakespeare: The Biography.* This is a thoroughly sensible biography, beginning, as life does, with birth and politely accompanying our hero through a well-known arc: the early years as the child of a well-to-do family in Stratford-upon-Avon; lessons in the narrow classroom at the King's New School, where he read Aesop and Ovid, was home for lunch at 11 and then off to games in the afternoon; a move to London, where he found hard-won theatrical success and a career as King James's leading playwright; and then retirement, at about the age of 50, to a grand house in Stratford.

Ackroyd is the biographer of several opaque English literary figures—William Blake, Chaucer, Sir Thomas More—as well as the author of *London: The Biography*, so it comes as no surprise to find here a vivid grasp of the material elements of the daily life of long-lost England. Ackroyd paints this scene with quick, telling details. People got up at 4 in the morning and "by five, the streets were filled"; in the theaters, the audience ate, drank and smoked, and on the days when players did not occupy the stage there was bear-baiting. "It was the custom in Warwickshire," Ackroyd writes, "to give the suckling child hare's brains reduced to jelly." He is particularly strong on the London that, as he reminds us, "smelled terribly of dung and offal and human labor." In all these small details—what journalists call "color"—we are reminded of the distance between this world and ours.

These details of imaginative reconstruction are the strongest elements of the book, and Ackroyd confidently places Shakespeare within them. Surveying the house in which the young playwright grew up, on Henley Street in Stratford, Ackroyd thoroughly describes its layout and proportions and goes on to comment: "It was also a noisy house, a wooden sound-box in which a conversation in one part of the house could clearly be heard in another." The sounds of place are important: It is striking to remember, for example, that Stratford was a "well-watered town with various streams or streamlets running through the streets," so the child Shakespeare "was never very far from the sound of water."

But the Shakespeare who emerges from this grimy, smelly and lively world is a shadow of a man: Ackroyd stresses his "business-like acumen" and then again notes "his practical and business-like approach to all the affairs of the world." This hard-nosed theatrical bureaucrat, "in every sense a professional," is the logical result of the business records that constitute the few traces of Shakespeare's life, but the tension here between the man we want and the man we have looms like a huge canyon of disappointment. "There is nothing," declares Ackroyd, "of personal vanity or personal eccentricity about him," and this is, unfortunately, simply untrue. The thirty-eight wondrous, bizarre and often terrifying plays, as well as the poems, are nothing less than absolute proof of a flamboyantly idiosyncratic imagination.

Ackroyd is magisterial on the contexts—the smells of London, the details of the playing companies, the hare's brain jelly of daily life—but weak on the texts, as each stage of his cautious character study can be falsified by examining the plays. The relationship between biography and works may be unknowable, but it is also tantalizing. Surely there cannot be a total

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divide between life and art. "Shakespeare was a profoundly unsentimental person," Ackroyd announces; yet he imagined the clown-king Falstaff, whose betrayal and death in the Henry IV and Henry V plays are one of the peaks of English sentimental drama. "He never took sides," insists Ackroyd; yet Shakespeare is clearly and extravagantly on the side of Romeo and Juliet against the bloodthirsty legions of Capulets and Montagues. He was, Ackroyd tells us, "an eminently practical and pragmatic man of the theater"; yet the scene in *Richard II* where the vacuous king is deposed was so controversial that it was censored from all editions of the play printed during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The problem here is foundational. Ackroyd's careful social history of late sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century England can tell us much of what makes Shakespeare different from us today, but it can tell us nothing of what made Shakespeare different from his contemporaries. That distinction lies in the slippery, glittering realm of his imagination, which two further new studies use to attach the man to his works. *Shadowplay* by Clare Asquith and *"Shakespeare" by Another Name* by Mark Anderson both attempt to ascribe the sources of Shakespeare's creativity to his biography. "I have that within which passeth show," Hamlet tells his mother. For both of these scholars, the true biography is hidden, like the Da Vinci Code, within the plays.

Shakespeare's England was, as Asquith compellingly sketches it, a society embroiled in violence and religious upheaval. England was a traditionally Catholic society, but from the early 1500s the convulsions of the Reformation across Europe were exacerbated in England by the rapid deaths of three English monarchs. In 1558 Queen Elizabeth was crowned and imposed upon her countrymen a new and state-sponsored national religion that abandoned the Catholic past in favor of Protestant doctrine. Traditional wall paintings in churches were whitewashed, and the grand monuments of Catholic England were defaced; during Shakespeare's childhood, popular uprisings in the north and west of England were violently quelled by government armies. It is here, "in the repressive years following the Reformation, years of censorship and propaganda," that Asquith finds the origins and inspiration of Shakespeare's imagination.

Childhood in a culture of public violence and fear is a fertile incubator for any artist, but this is only a starting point for Asquith. Shakespeare "was driven to write by a different fear," she writes, "the growing concern, shared by many contemporaries, that the true history of the age would never be told." To preserve this history, Asquith argues, Shakespeare developed what she calls a "hologram technique"—a fancy phrase for nothing more than simple allegory. The plays and poems are, she insists, written in "coded language" whereby characters embody abstract principles like "England's despoiled soul," or political figures like the Queen. In *Twelfth Night*, for example, Asquith finds a bonanza of so-called holograms: In this supermarket stocked with personifications are "figures representing Rome, Ireland, the Pope, Philip II [the King of Spain] and Robert Persons [a well-known Jesuit missionary]."

This is not literary criticism but algebra, using formulas and equations to crack a code whose very existence becomes increasingly farfetched as Asquith goes on. *King Lear*, she argues, was written to beg King James's sympathy for his disenfranchised Catholic subjects, and she notes the record of a court perform-

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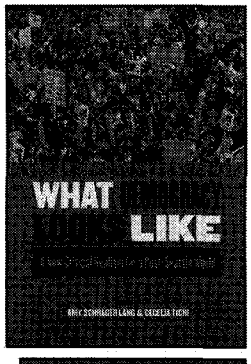

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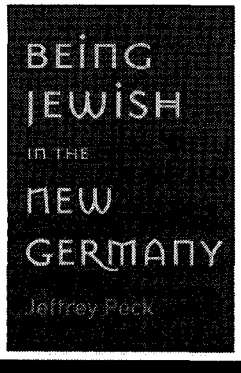

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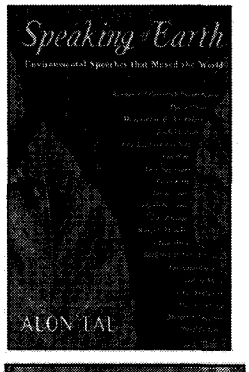

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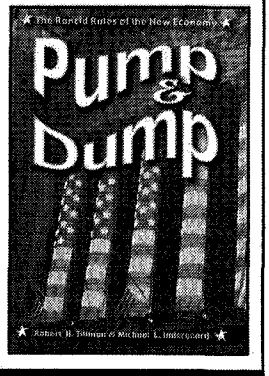

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ance as evidence. The problem is that this simply doesn't come close to accounting for the play: *King Lear* is a searing, terrifying nightmare of aging and family love, a heartbroken hymn of pain, but for Asquith it is a slice of propaganda.

Such an argument is made possible only by an almost maniacal refusal to consider seriously the plays as plays, as creative works. Of *King Lear*, she writes that "for once, Shakespeare's dramatic control falters," and she claims that *Macbeth* "seems almost carelessly put together." The plot and language of *Macbeth,* on the contrary, are impossibly, unforgivingly tight. But Asquith appears not to particularly like Shakespeare's plays, and by the end of the book she hardly mentions them at all except in brief plot summaries. Shakespeare's literary imagination—that alchemist's furnace where he made gold from base metals—is sidelined; in the place of a writer Asquith offers us a spin doctor. It may be impossible to attend both to Shakespeare's biography and his plays, as each appears to falsify the other. Asquith's solution, to diminish the plays and to replace the creative writer with a mechanical propagandist, is inventive, but hollow.

There is, however, another solution to the problem of Shakespeare's biography. In *"Shakespeare" by Another Name*, Mark Anderson gives us the life we want of Shakespeare: He is a warrior and a playboy; bisexual, promiscuous, generous, dashing; "a brilliant and troubled man with whom one might enjoy sharing a beer but loathe sharing a house. He was at times a cad and a scoundrel. He was also a notorious teller of tall tales." He spent a lot of money on clothes, and threw great parties: One famous night's revels featured a firework dragon that set the house next door aflame. He killed a man, by mistake, in a duel. Doesn't this sound like Shakespeare? The trick, of course, is that it isn't: This is the life of Edward de Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford.

"'Shakespeare,' it turns out, was one of the most autobiographical authors who ever took pen to paper," writes Anderson: "To recognize this, one only need redefine 'Shakespeare.'" As Anderson reminds us, Shakespeare's "documented biography is extensive, but it is all commercial activities, lawsuits, and entrepreneurial ventures"; Edward de Vere, by contrast, has exactly the right kind of biography. He went to Cambridge at the age of 8; he was a sickly child, but he led an army in Scotland; he enjoyed a passionate and unsuitable love affair, which led to an unhappy marriage; and he traveled widely across Europe meeting artists and thinkers and, according to Anderson, living the life that gave birth to the plays. Fearing the stigma of a playwriting career, de Vere simply hired the young actor Will Shakspere—the beard of Avon—as his frontman.

In this telling, the plays are still ciphers: not window dressing on a hidden calculus but coded biographies. *Hamlet*, Anderson notes, "closely follows the contours of de Vere's life," and Juliet and Desdemona are both portraits of his wife—who, like Shakespeare's, was named Anne. De Vere was involved in a legal case concerning the back payment of wages to soldiers in the Netherlands, which Anderson suggests is the source of *The Merchant of Venice*; noting that in the Sonnets Shakespeare uses lameness as a metaphor for lovesickness, Anderson observes that de Vere was lame. Any concept of literary creativity disappears, and Shakespeare's imagination becomes no more than a mechanism for reproducing biographical experience. This is a portrait of the artist as photocopier.

"My name is Will," writes Shakespeare in one of the sonnets. It is a joke: not proof that his name really is Will but a passing second of free play with naming and identity, with who we are and who we may be, and with possession and desire. Indeed, one of the joys of Shakespeare is the constant riddling of identity. In *Henry V*, the Chorus describes the young king as "like himself," and this tells us nothing, and all that we need to know, about our hero. "I am not what I am," the villain Iago confides in *Othello*; and Richard III is speaking directly to the audience when he declares, "I am I" and then, a couple of lines later, "Yet I lie: I am not."

Shakespeare's plays and poems are products of the imagination, and if they still speak to us today, it's because we remain willing to imagine along with them. Clare Asquith and Mark Anderson read with blinkers on, like Central Park horses trudging around the same old loop. This bleak prospect is the price we pay when we refuse to look at the plays. "Lovers and madmen have such seething brains," wrote Shakespeare in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend/More than cool reason ever comprehends." If there is a lesson to be learned from the mismatch of Shakespeare's life and works, it is that we must clear a space for wonder. ■

Compromising Positions

DAVID BROMWICH

ELIA KAZAN: A BIOGRAPHY. By Richard Schickel. HarperCollins. 510 pp. $29.95.

"I used to spend most of my time," Elia Kazan once remarked, "straining to be a nice guy so people would like me." Nice and like are irrelevant to most people's idea of Kazan, but strain was his essence, the strain of a life bristling with projects. One of the last parts he played in a film was Googie, the mobster in *City for Conquest* who bets on the good-guy boxer (James Cagney), loses when the other fighter cheats and gets knocked off before he can take revenge. His dying words are "Gee, I never figured on that." Kazan's memoir, *A Life*, suggested a similar character with one difference; for, by a gift of fortune that baffles him, he turns out to be a winner. *A Life* was a work of egotism, yet it was in no way self-satisfied. And there was another quality that made it wonderfully readable: the sense that the author had not yet solved his relation to himself. Richard Schickel's biography is a more complacent book, a story in talkative prose about a life filled with achievements and events. Schickel is a thoroughly professional journalist, with the advantage of genuine interest in his subject. He saw, he tells us, every play Kazan directed in the 1950s, and he is able to draw on his own interviews with Kazan for the later years. The self-suspicion and wariness of the autobiography left room for a laudatory postscript, and this is it.

George Kazanjioglou was his father: an Anatolian Greek who immigrated to America and went into the rug business with his brother. Elia was marked by the family for higher things, sent to Williams College and then the Yale School of

David Bromwich teaches English at Yale. His most recent book is Skeptical Music: Essays on Modern Poetry *(Chicago).*

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Drama. He stopped short of an advanced degree but arrived in New York with something better: an introduction to the Group Theatre. The nickname Gadg, for Gadget, came out of those early theater days when he scuttled about, "an ever-compliant cuss" always in motion while others rested, fixing a lamp, moving a chair, never too big for the chickenshit jobs. Not an ingratiating quality, entirely, but it made him indispensable; and the anecdotes of friends and followers (Nicholas Ray was one) concur on his reputation as an iron man, a "theater worker" with both words stressed. Kazan never understood what kept him on the move. For explanation, Schickel relies, with a certain smugness, on the enigma of "the Anatolian smile." Did the Kazan ferocity and push come from an intimation he would dramatize in his film *America America*, that in this country no place of rest is permanent? He clearly felt that, however impressive his list of honors, legitimacy depended on the success of what came next.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY CINEMA ARCHIVES

Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter and Elia Kazan on the set of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, 1951

This unstable blend of worldliness and self-doubt gave Kazan a common motive with the two major playwrights of his generation, Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams. They preferred Kazan to other directors because his intimacy and vehemence made a palpable addition to the words on the page. Yet it was mainly his collaboration with these two and perhaps a third, William Inge, that gave a distinctive character to Kazan's work. And the association of success and bad faith was a perpetual theme of their plays—financial, social and erotic success, the very things that Kazan enjoyed in bulk. The men who prosper in the plays of Miller, Williams and Inge are counterfeit citizens, figures of brutality or mendacity. On the other hand, the men who fall for the dream are figures of pathos. Kazan admitted in *A Life* that of all the imaginative works of his time, the one he had always admired most, because it told a permanent truth about himself and his generation, was *Death of a Salesman*. It is not an inevitable judgment, but it is a revealing one.

For he prospered greatly and half believed the dream. In the Group Theatre he was a respected player, usually in smaller parts than Morris Carnovsky or Luther Adler but entrusted with the lead in *Golden Boy* when it went on the road to Chicago. Yet his great moment had come early: He was the cabby on strike, sitting in the audience with a rabbit's foot in his visor, who ran up onstage to blow the cover of the labor spy in a climactic episode of Clifford Odets's *Waiting for Lefty*. "Take care of him, boys," the union boss said. "No one takes care of me!" shouted Kazan. The left-wing theater in New York grew out of the closing cry of "Strike!" that roared through the audience the night of January 6, 1935. Kazan led that cheer, and as Schickel tells it, he was part of the core group that made the company work, alongside Cheryl Crawford, the producer and publicist; Harold Clurman, a director of great gifts inside narrow limits; and Lee Strasberg, coach and spellbinder, already famous for a tyrannical peevishness. Odets, a close friend of Kazan's, remarked of him tellingly that "he distrusts everyone, even the people he loves.... This gives him adjustments of furtiveness, carefulness, watchfulness." He must have seemed the natural choice to serve as ad hoc leader of the Communist Party unit of the Group Theatre. The party bigwigs wanted the company to turn themselves into an actors' cooperative and move toward an agitprop repertory.

Kazan resisted, with strong support from his wife, Molly. To judge by his own account, he witnessed a complete failure of nerve by other members of the unit when a UAW organizer denounced him for leading with a "'foreman's' mentality." Later thoughts may color his memory of the incident, yet one somehow trusts the story of his personal revulsion at the anaesthetic diktat. If revolutionary theater was the aim of the group, he wondered, why should they take instruction from people who knew nothing about theater? Party allegiance, for him, lasted from summer 1934 to spring 1936; but inwardly he was pulling away from the Communists almost as soon as they recruited him. It was the nature of the Popular Front to mask the depth and character of loyalties, but Kazan was a successful working actor in the late 1930s and early '40s, and not a party operative with a sideline in acting. Calls to play small parts in films occasionally came his way. In this experimental phase, he also had a shot at directing a musical, Kurt Weill's *One Touch of Venus*—an experience he did not repeat and was able to weather by following Agnes de Mille's advice to keep off the stage while she handled the music and dance. By 1942, when he directed *The Skin of Our Teeth*—a work of bogus humanism that fit the wartime mood like a glove—Kazan was launched on a different path. He traced a new self-confidence to his public triumph in staring down Tallulah Bankhead when she tried to steal the show and undermine his authority in rehearsals. He was known thereafter as a director who did not wheedle with the stars. Where useful, he would do without them.

Kazan got his first chance to direct a film in 1944, with *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*: a work of sentimental realism about an immigrant family, for which his work on Odets's *Awake and Sing* had been excellent preparation. To play the part of the Irish father, affectionate, self-deceived and down on his luck from too much drinking, he called on an actor, James Dunn, whose career had suffered from indulgence in the same vices. It is a movie that stays in one's mind for three scenes: Joan Blondell's warn-

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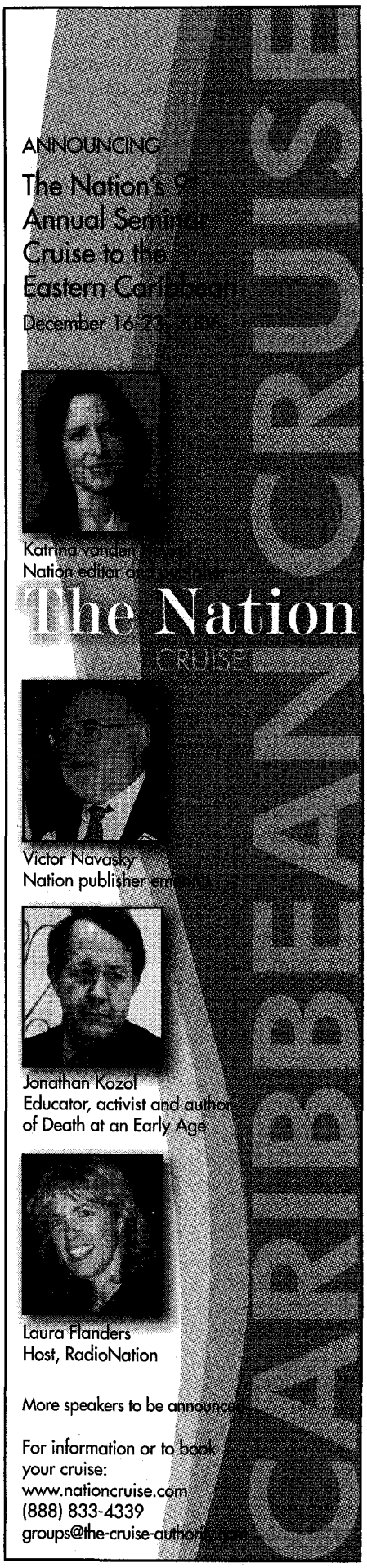
ing to Dorothy McGuire that she has hardened her heart against a well-meaning and loving husband; McGuire's effort to recover her trust and affection for him; and the daughter's prayer to let her father live after he disappears one night. Two of the scenes are one-on-one; the third is a soliloquy—a pattern that would hold true of the Kazan "touch" throughout his career in theater and film.

What cinematic knowledge is reflected in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* would be hard to say; in his memoir, Kazan confessed he knew nothing about filmmaking until his sixth or seventh movie. Yet the audience was drawn to a naturalism the stage had seldom brought so close, and to an intimacy of feeling that is hard to achieve on film with commonplace talk and domestic drama. *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* was a Christmas movie, but it showed more about Kazan than several that followed (*Boomerang*, *Gentleman's Agreement*, *Pinky*); and Schickel rightly marks it as the beginning of a twenty-year run during which Kazan had few rivals anywhere, and none who could shift as he did from stage to screen. Between 1945 and 1965, he directed *All My Sons*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Death of a Salesman*, *Camino Real*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *After the Fall*, *Viva Zapata!*, *On the Waterfront*, *East of Eden*, *A Face in the Crowd*, *Splendor in the Grass*—a fair portion of the works people were apt to have in mind when they spoke of the serious postwar American theater or cinema.

The fault of all these pieces is too much talk—a fault not due to Kazan alone but indicative of a larger weakness for the explicit, shared by American dramatists and salesmen and ego psychologists, with their need to thresh things out. A striking feature of Kazan's best movies is that they are alive while the actors talk, and they go dead when the talking stops. Let the image stand by itself and things quickly get so stagy we seem to be seeing captioned illustrations by Thomas Hart Benton or Ben Shahn—Stanley tearing up the kitchen in *Streetcar*, or the longshoremen marching into the ship to get their rights at the end of *On the Waterfront*.

Set Kazan to work on a project like *Pinky*, about a black woman "passing," or *Gentleman's Agreement*, a tamely responsible treatment of anti-Semitism, and he could see the triteness of the material. He did not defend the results but did not renege on the commitment. Out of these dubious engagements, he derived a measurable profit. When the big studios wanted a solemn look at a social problem, Kazan was the man to go to; and in the long run, the prestige allowed him to choose his films. "The actor's director" was also a writer's director, and the writers he most wanted to work with—Steinbeck, for example, on *Viva Zapata!*—thought of him first, and came to him. Kazan had inoculated himself against moralism to some extent by his work on plays like *Dunnigan's Daughter* by S.N. Behrman—where, as Ann Jackson said, you have to "hold a cocktail shaker in one hand and a hammer and sickle in the other." He knew how to guide public speech down to a private motive and keep the interest there. "He had no visual sense," Agnes de Mille observed. "Kazan had no eyes at all." This would remain a weakness; but she added that "he had a wonderful ear...not for music, but for speech." This was a greater strength than we easily recognize half a century later. It was the age of Roosevelt and Churchill and the radio, a time when persuasive utterance, speech that drove to a conclusion, was an art that seemed hardly separate from nature.

Kazan's career was split in two by a public episode: his testimony in 1952 as a friendly witness for the House Un-American Activities Committee, when he named the names of former Communist associates. Against the charge that he was therefore a coward, a betrayer, a Judas, Schickel mounts a strangely misjudged and heavy-handed defense. For there are situations in which it is difficult to come off with honor, and this was one of them. The witnesses who took the Fifth Amendment until the chairman sent them home were in a false position, too. But there was nothing admirable in Kazan's timely siege of candor; and when he took out a personal ad in the *New York Times* on the virtues of coming clean, it was bound to be noticed that his self-exposure was also a professionally valuable self-exoneration. Schickel reminds us that the Communist Party in the 1930s and early '40s did great harm to the integrity of the American left. Who now denies that it did, or that there were real spies? But the people hit by the Red Channels list were not spies. Most of those named had not been members of the party for years. Few could ever have been a threat. And however wadded by panic and self-deception, the committee knew this well enough. It did not want assistance in thwarting a menace to the physical well-being of the United States. It wanted examples to keep a lid on dissent. To cooperate was to truckle, to bow your head and confess your shame, to deliver the token names and receive the



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government-approved stamp. The character actor Jeff Corey was blacklisted for thirteen years and lived on $35 a week and the help of friends. Kazan took the other route and thrived.

"I've acquired contradictory reputations over the years," he recalled in *A Life*: "aloof and social, secretive but open-faced, agreeable or cantankerous, concerned, indifferent, generous, cheap, given to unannounced appearances and to sudden disappearances. The reputation I'd rather not have picked up is for being a betrayer of trust. I haven't liked that." Though the HUAC episode shook him, the aftermath seems to have left the texture and even the politics of his work untouched. A more inquisitive biographer might have asked how that happened. Kazan in any event remained a liberal filmmaker, if not quite one who (as Schickel grandiosely puts it) "never abandoned his working-class sympathies or his belief in the need for some sort of revolutionary reform in America." But the enmity he incurred on the left was conspicuous as late as 1999, when Kazan received a special award from the Motion Picture Academy and many in the audience refused to applaud. His friend Arthur Miller had defied the committee and risked being jailed for contempt; but in 1963, seeking a director for *After the Fall* (a play that dealt with the HUAC testimony and contained characters modeled on both men), he sought out Kazan, and the two joined forces again. Miller did not equivocate, and yet he judged his friend charitably.

Schickel is playing for the higher stakes of total vindication. Kazan, he thinks, was justified because the Communists had it coming on various grounds—for tampering with the arts, for political bullying and for the danger they posed to freedom itself—so that standing up and being counted against them was an act of honor. This is to miss the crucial point that Kazan's testimony was not an uncoerced act. If he had not been moved by a subpoena backed by the threat of jail, he would never have said a word. He was harder on himself in *A Life*, and more ambivalent than Schickel, and finally had the humility to come to no conclusion. "What good deeds were stimulated by what I'd done? What villains exposed? How is the world better for what I did? It had just been a game of power and influence." Schickel, by contrast, lets himself be drawn into elaborate special pleading. "Changing times," he says, "quite legitimately beget changing friends, changing loyalties, changing principles." A bizarre line of defense. What is the right number of changes of principle for one person in one lifetime?

On the Waterfront was shot the year after Kazan testified. Its hero is a man who gives evidence to a waterfront commission to expose the mob leadership of a corrupt union. Budd Schulberg, who wrote the screenplay, was another friendly witness for HUAC, though less fulsome than Kazan in his professions of Americanism, and this combination of plot element and authorship was all that was needed for the left-wing reading of the movie. It was said to be a transparent self-justification by the director and the writer. Yet the hero of *On the Waterfront* is a witness of a very different kind, and the movie is based on facts about the Irish mafia, which Schulberg had studied closely after reading Malcolm Johnson's articles in the *New York Sun*. The subject, in short, was an actual and present menace, not a past and speculative one. The film presented an honest union as the greatest blessing of democracy—hardly the position of Joe McCarthy or HUAC. The social sentiments of *On the Waterfront* include nothing that might not have come from the same writer and the same director several years earlier.

On the Waterfront *presented an honest union as the greatest blessing of democracy—hardly the position of Joe McCarthy or HUAC.*

This was a movie in which everything came together: script, photography, setting, actors, music. Marlon Brando did something with the character of Terry Malloy—by his voice and gesture, the walk, the timing of certain reactions—that took it beyond the lines laid down in the screenplay. What did Kazan do? He created a presence in which such things could happen. Sometimes he gave hints, sometimes more than hints. His genius was to know what he had when he had it. Another collaboration with Schulberg followed three years later: *A Face in the Crowd* was a movie just as gripping and similar in its subject matter, a portrait of a demagogue partly modeled on Will Rogers. These two films share a perception that society itself has the power to make people better or worse than they would otherwise be. The hero of *A Face in the Crowd*, played by Andy Griffith in an all-out performance, is a singer and con man but mostly a drunkard with a big voice, until success on television turns him into something worse. The instrument of the change is an intelligent journalist, Marcia, played by Patricia Neal, who promotes him with the best of intentions. Kazan said in a note to himself on *A Face in the Crowd*: "This will be a tragedy and a deep one IF you fall in love with him just as Marcia does and just as the public does." To attain a tragic dignity would have required a scene or two evoking a tenderness toward the hero that is not evident in the script. Yet *A Face in the Crowd* is a satire that remains deeply troubling. It has immediacy and drive, and an impressive knowledge of its central subject, the relation between a native and reckless demotic energy and the mass culture of democracy.

As a filmmaker, Kazan lacks fluidity, surprise and any semblance of grace in the handling of groups or crowds, or the natural movement of people into and out of groups. Think of a Kazan moment that has more than two actors, and you are seeing a table of men at cards, a line of men watching a fistfight, a mass of men joining one by one to swell a protest: static action and reaction, in which every detail has been predigested. He asked John Ford once how he arrived at his camera setups, and Ford said that he got up early and mapped everything out before the actors came. The point was to let the images tell the story as they did in silent films. Kazan did not think he could do that. With him, the actors and their relationships and the words and design of the script were always primary.

The mass-action scene in *Viva Zapata!* shows the peasants adding their silent numbers to the police guard while the latter escort the hero to prison, so that the arrest becomes a protest march and a vigil. An effective scene that could have been magnificent. But Kazan shot it in glades and country paths shaded by trees—picturesque, but without open space to catch the moment when the crowd begins to know itself. The camera never seems far enough back, the wide-angle shots are not very wide, there is no time for the lungs of the emotion to fill. It is just the sort of thing that Ford had at his fingertips in *Fort Apache*, or *Young Mr. Lincoln*, or almost anywhere. Again, consider from the same movie the approach of Joseph Wiseman, the dialectician of revolution, toward the high rock on which are seated the two-man army of Zapata—and place it alongside a famous scene from *Lawrence of Arabia*, the menace of Sherif Ali as he draws closer to Lawrence and the boy who is taking water

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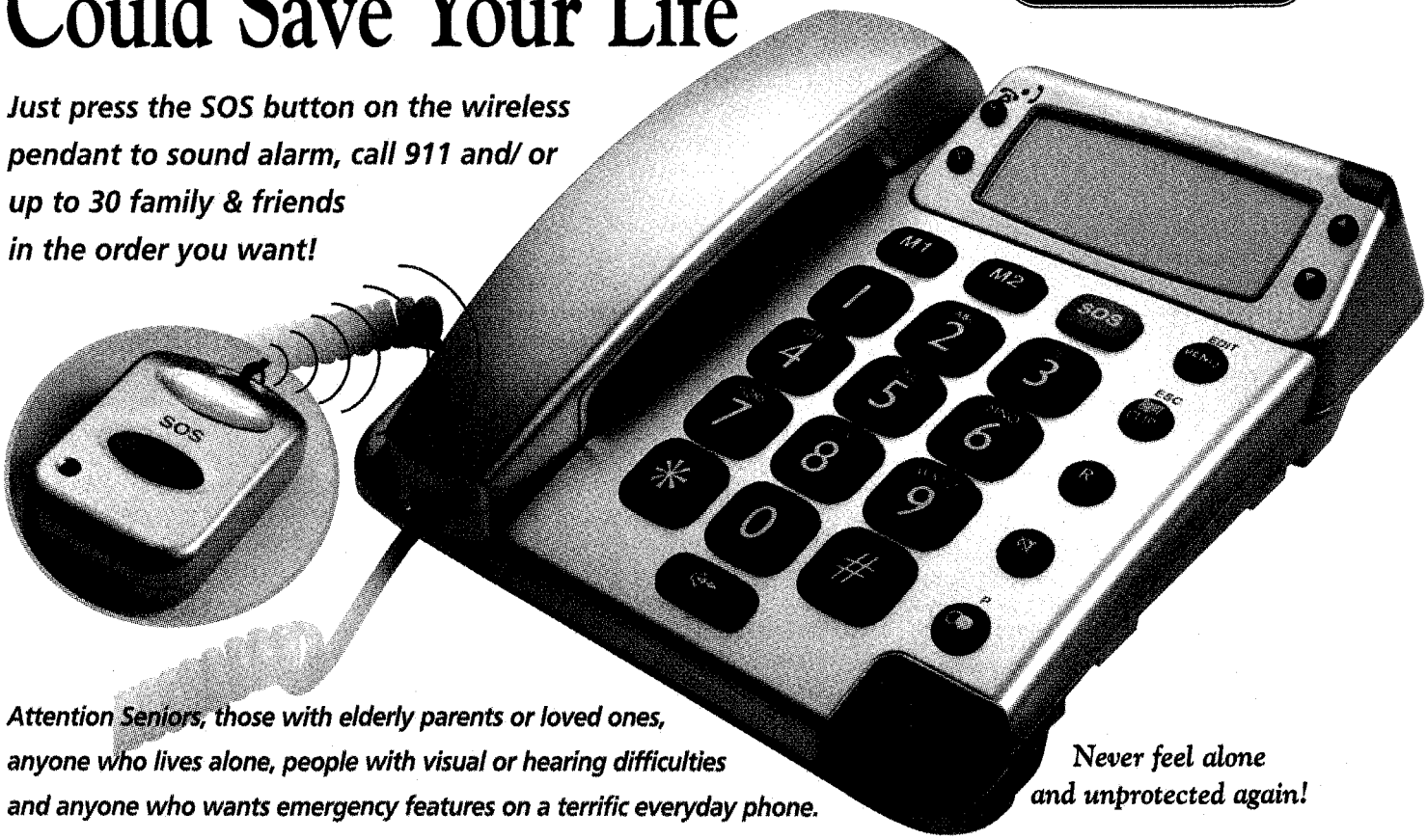

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from his well. These are moments of similar import since they both introduce significant minor characters, men who know the lie of the land and will come to assist the heroes. When Eric Bentley said that Kazan was "a showman," he meant a showman in the theater. David Lean was a cinematic showman, and he built up the elements of the encounter from a shimmer on the horizon. Kazan, a theatrical talent with outsize props, stages a series of importunate shouts back and forth. The majesty of the brutal landscape goes for nothing.

The unshakable quality of Kazan's best work is his skill in working up scenes of intense dialogue. Almost always, they involve two or three people or just one with an implied audience. He knew how to create such scenes better than any American of his time—perhaps of any time. The scenes are lit by a promise of recognition, and their development is often marked by simple counter-shots. So one sees the change on Brando's face when Eva Marie Saint tells him pityingly that she knows he would help if he could. Kazan sometimes achieved a more sustained effect, as with Carroll Baker's look of wonder and shyness and testing-the-air, through the long central scene in *Baby Doll* when she flirts with Eli Wallach and lets him pursue her without exactly knowing why—a scene that almost tells the natural history of a person through continuous close-ups. The same concentration shows in the last forty minutes of *Splendor in the Grass*, with Natalie Wood's farewell to her psychiatrist, the reunion with her parents and the cautious visit to her old boyfriend. Kazan was right to bet on the young Wood, already a veteran but one who had never risked so much.

Looking back at Kazan's career, one is struck by how often he chose on a hunch the actors he wanted for major parts. In some cases, those actors were barely known. Carroll Baker is an example, and so is Andy Griffith. Burl Ives seemed already living in the skin of Big Daddy in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, so Kazan went ahead and cast him. James Dunn as the father in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* was a comparable gamble that paid off. For that matter, the same description fit Brando when he showed up in Provincetown three days late to read for the part of Stanley Kowalski. Brando endeared himself to Williams and Kazan by fixing some household appliances, and turned both men into believers long before the world knew why. The insecurity of actors was meat and drink to Kazan if it helped the production. So was their antagonism. He did nothing to soften the mutual hatred of James Dean and Raymond Massey on the set of *East of Eden*, so nicely in keeping with their parts; in a smaller way, he encouraged a rivalry under the friendship of Brando and Anthony Quinn in the making of *Viva Zapata!*

Kazan was a believer, after all, in talent more than status, and was therefore unconventional under the clothing of ambition and his hunger for fame. He could see an original a long way off, and he never resisted the appeal. This generosity forms a counterpoint to the vanity, treachery, infidelity and self-regard for which the author of *A Life* held himself answerable. (His novel *The Arrangement*, a 1967 bestseller, was also a confession of the author's chagrin at the triumph of craft and cunning in the management of his life.) He liked to speak his mind, and his character mixed in equal parts exuberance and wary calculation. He did not mind being denounced, if the conditions were right, as they were when Cardinal Spellman hurled abuse at *Baby Doll* (an obscenity and a disgrace to the honor of our boys overseas) from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral. In this connection, there is real force in a question that Schickel asks near the end of his book. Did Kazan in the 1950s pick up a tremor of the discontents to come?

"They do it for their children's good," he wrote in his director's notes on the manipulative parents in *Splendor in the Grass*.

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In his work of the 1950s, he caught intimations of a half-expressed anger elsewhere that resembled his own; there was a wildness in *Splendor in the Grass* and *East of Eden* that had nothing to do with their style or message. Both became cult films, to a degree that surprised their maker, because they had a different resonance for the youth in the audience. But in the end Kazan was faithful to an earlier ideal. "I like people that work," he told Schickel in a late interview. "And I don't like the spoiled and I think almost everybody in the upper middle class—excuse me—is spoiled. I think our whole society is spoiled, so there you are. Make of it what you will. Maybe some is a hangover from the Communists—but I thought they were spoiled, too." One comes away from this life reflecting that its hero, gifted as he was, "indifferent, generous, cheap" and marred by compromise, was never destined to become one of the spoiled. ■

FILMS

The Candidate

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OUR BRAND IS CRISIS • SOPHIE SCHOLL: THE FINAL DAYS

When a political consultant plans to smear someone "in a way that cannot be connected to us," he probably should not explain this scheme to his client while a documentarian stands nearby with a video camera. The dumb violation of this rule, by someone who is paid to be smart, turns out to be among the smaller ironies in Rachel Boynton's *Our Brand Is Crisis*, a feature-length account of the work done by the US firm of Greenberg Carville Shrum during the 2002 election in Bolivia.

The biggest irony: After maneuvering its candidate into the presidency, by a margin so slight it could have been attributed to humidity, the GCS team saw him chased from the country only a few months later, amid clouds of tear gas and the cries of the wounded. "What went wrong?" asks Boynton, off camera, to GCS pollster Jeremy Rosner.

"There are conditions," he replies, "that democracy ultimately can't deal with."

Rosner is a likable man—soft-spoken, smiling, blatantly thoughtful, like a Reform rabbi who talks football at dinner parties—and so you hesitate to blame him

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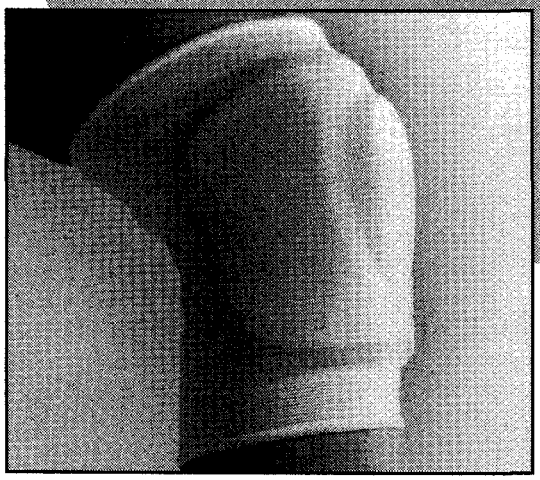

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personally for this world-historical shrug. The problem explored in *Our Brand Is Crisis*—vividly, though far from completely—does not lie in individuals but in the accepted definition of "democracy," whether peddled in Bolivia by GCS, in Iraq by Paul Bremer and the Lincoln Group or in (you supply the name) by the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund.

But enough of the general problem. Let's follow Rachel Boynton's example and get down to cases.

In 2002 the wealthy businessman Gonzalo Sanchez de Lozada (known as Goni) hired GCS to advise him on his run for the presidency. At the time, he was dead in the polls. Most voters thought his name was synonymous with "unemployment," since the policies he had pursued during an earlier term as president, from 1993 to 1997, had invited foreign corporations to buy large chunks of previously state-owned companies and then permitted them to cut their workforce. Goni claimed that as a result of his "capitalization" program, 500,000 people now held new jobs; but few Bolivians, apparently, had seen one of these recent hires in the mirror. To a very large segment of the public, Goni was a failure: remote, arrogant, representative of the past (he was in his 70s) and suspiciously North American. Having grown up in the United States, he spoke Spanish with a broad Chicago accent.

But to the consultants from GCS, these were faults of image, not substance. They liked Goni's version of free trade and privatization. ("This guy had the best formula for getting his country out of poverty," Rosner insists.) They probably liked his Chicago English, too, and his Bill Clinton hair. Goni is the sort of man with whom North American elites can feel comfortable. GCS just needed to figure out how to sell him to an electorate that is overwhelmingly poor and Indian. Boynton shows how it was done, through a process the GCS operatives surprisingly allowed her to document, perhaps through an arrogance of their own, or perhaps through a conviction that their beliefs are self-evidently correct. As Rosner explained to Boynton, the GCS brand is "progressive politics for a profit."

For Goni, though, the brand was crisis.

GCS told him to repeat, at every rally and in every interview, that Bolivia had reached a point of no return. He would save the country from this crisis. His GCS slogan, emblazoned on every banner, poster and TV commercial, declared "¡Sí se puede!" ("Yes we can!") To insure that Goni stayed on message, GCS limited him to one daily appearance: the "photo of the day." Focus groups, convened and studied by Rosner, allowed GCS to check the response of ordinary Bolivians to each particular of the campaign, with the richly comic result that Goni's poll numbers went into immediate decline.

The candidate in the lead was Manfred Reyes Villa, mayor of Cochabamba. *Our Brand Is Crisis* takes note of Reyes Villa's success more or less as the GCS team did, as a strategic challenge for the Goni campaign to overcome rather than as a substantive matter to investigate—an understandable choice (since Rosner couldn't include everything) but one that left an opportunity unexplored. Boynton might have helped viewers understand why Goni was so unpopular, and why Reyes Villa's city had something to do with it, if she had only acknowledged the so-called water revolt, which had convulsed Cochabamba two years earlier.

In 1999 the Bolivian government had leased Cochabamba's water supply to a private company, founded and controlled by the Bechtel corporation. Almost at once, people were hit with rate increases as high as 200 percent. According to eyewitness reports by Jim Shultz (who won a Project Censored award for his stories), a family living on the minimum wage of $60 a month suddenly had to pay a quarter of its income to keep the tap open. By mid-April 2000, after general strikes and bloody riots, Cochabamba's citizens succeeded in driving Bechtel from town, forcing the government to cancel the water contract.

Although the Bechtel contract was not signed during Goni's presidency, jockeying for the water rights had begun while he was in office, and the spirit of the enterprise was not unfamiliar to him. Voters everywhere in Bolivia knew this; but the GCS consultants clearly did not care, and Boynton, behaving a bit too much like her subjects, does not even mention the revolt. Relying on a direct cinema approach, for both good and ill, she sticks with the events she could capture firsthand.

These include the launch of a negative TV commercial against Cochabamba's mayor. I have already mentioned Boynton's stunning success in recording the planning session. Now I should note the success of GCS's negative campaign. A few sneering questions about Reyes Villa's income, a single old photograph of him in military uniform, and the frontrunner's poll numbers dropped. In yet another irony—hilarious or not, you decide—GCS got further, unexpected help from the US ambassador, who stepped into the campaign with a denunciation of another can-

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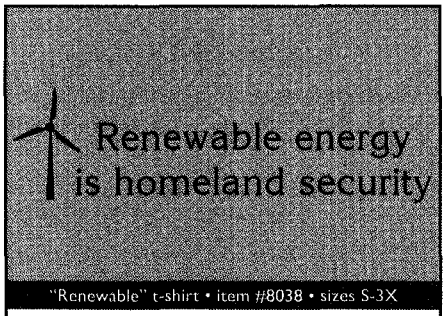

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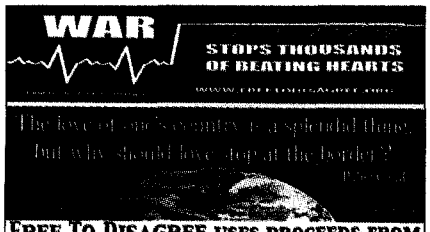

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didate, Evo Morales. On the strength of this recommendation, Morales surged in the polls, probably drawing voters away from Reyes Villa, and Goni moved into a dead heat with the frontrunner.

Now Bolivia was ready for James Carville. Few voters would have unbent themselves from their daily burdens to rise and stare at his advent; but every viewer of Boynton's film will thrill to the glittering eyes, the wolfish grin, the surplus of patter above matter that make him a star. Carville rightfully became a leading man in 1993, with Chris Hegedus and D.A. Pennebaker's documentary *The War Room*, and he has now played himself (or someone just like him) in perhaps a dozen movies and TV shows, including the unfairly maligned *K Street* (which he helped produce). He is now more than a consultant and more than a media personality. He has become, in himself, a moving-image genre, which assimilates real-world events into the category of "a James Carville picture." He did it with *Our Brand Is Crisis*, too, without even giving Boynton much of his screen time.

I don't mean this as a criticism of Boynton. She has put together an absurdly funny, sometimes horrifying, frequently revelatory documentary that clearly begins from the model of *The War Room* (or the earlier *Primary*) but then ventures into important new territory. Let everyone watch *Our Brand Is Crisis*. (It opens in New York on March 1, at Film Forum, and then goes into national release.) When you see it, though, maybe you'll sigh, as I did, at the disastrous story arc that is now integral to the James Carville genre.

Are Carville's clients more enlightened than Karl Rove's, his business practices more ethical, his political beliefs more humane? Sure. And Goni, for all I know, might indeed have had the best program of any candidate in 2002. (There were a lot of candidates—and Goni, despite his faults, had made some real advances during his first presidency.) But as *Our Brand Is Crisis* makes clear, with its scenes of chaos following Goni's squeak to victory, elections ought to be about something more than steaming up people's emotions, venting the pressure and then hoping the populace will simmer down again, so the work of capital markets may go on undisturbed. "There are conditions," as Rosner said, "that democracy ultimately can't deal with." But this is "democracy" as Ben Sonnenberg has mordantly defined it: "the Christianity of capitalism."

At the end of *Our Brand Is Crisis*, you see Jeremy Rosner, the true believer, speak with revulsion of the rise of Evo

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Iraq: The Logic of Withdrawal

■ Join Howard Zinn and Anthony Arnove for the launch of Arnove's new book, *Iraq: The Logic of Withdrawal*, with foreword and afterword by Zinn. Introduction by Amy Goodman of *Democracy Now!* Saturday, March 25, 1 PM, at Quaker Friends Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Place (at 15th Street), New York City. Suggested donation: $5–$10.

Can't Stop Won't Stop

■ Join the Haymarket Forum Saturday, March 25, 7 PM, for a discussion with writer Jeff Chang about his groundbreaking book *Can't Stop Won't Stop: A History of the Hip-Hop Generation*, at Galapagos Art Space in Brooklyn. With Deepa Fernandes and Andy Hsiao, and a performance by DJ Rekha. 70 North Sixth, Williamsburg, Brooklyn. nyc.haymarketforum.org. Free.

Dos Pueblos

■ New York-Tipitapa Sister City Project. Join Pete Seeger and Tao Rodriguez-Seeger for an intimate evening of stories, conversation, songs, hope and inspiration. For Us. For Nicaragua. April 16, 5 PM. At the home of Dr. Arthur Levine, president of Teachers College, Columbia University, and Linda Fentiman. Hosted by Dr. Darlyne Bailey, vice president of academic affairs and dean of the college. Limited seating. Donation: $250 per person. Easy payment: www.tipitapa.org. (646) 610-2215 or PeteSeegerEvent@tipitapa.org. Make check payable to: Dos Pueblos, 2565 Broadway #173, New York, NY 10025.

The advertising deadline for Events is every Thursday. Rates: $200 for 50 words; $250 for 75 words, additional words (above 75) $2.00 each. To place an ad, call Leigh at (212) 209-5414.

Morales—an ascension that Rosner and GCS did their unwitting bit to assist. Morales, in Rosner's view, is an "irresponsible populist." Maybe.

But what of the irresponsible democracy peddlers?

As much a passion play as a historical drama, *Sophie Scholl: The Final Days* focuses on the holy week of February 17–22, 1943, when the young heroine of the title distributed anti-Nazi leaflets in Munich and was arrested, interrogated, tried and put to death. Michael Verhoeven's 1982 feature *The White Rose*, starring Lena Stolze, took a wide-angle view of this story, narrating the founding, growth and activities of Scholl's resistance group and ending with her arrest. Percy Adlon's *Five Last Days*, released the same year and also starring Stolze, approached the story more obliquely, looking at Scholl through the eyes of her cellmate Else Gebel. The new *Sophie Scholl*, written by Fred Breinersdorfer and directed by Marc Rothemund, stands apart from these earlier films by being strongly text based—its sacred writ is the transcript of Scholl's long, multi-part interrogation by the Gestapo, a document first made accessible in 1990—but also in its explicit religious preoccupations. In interviews, Rothemund has described himself as an atheist; but in his direction, he has made Scholl a lamb of God, sacrificing herself to clear other Germans of the imputation of collective sin.

This redemptive theme vies uneasily with the film's documentary impulse. On the one hand, *Sophie Scholl* was shot on historic locations or faithful re-creations, and it makes extensive use (perhaps even too extensive) of its archival sources. On the other hand, a pianist is somehow always positioned just off-camera to provide some sensitive noodling, and the sun shines on cue whenever Sophie lifts her face.

The job of resolving this internal conflict falls to the lead actress, Julia Jentsch. Just as Scholl had somehow to keep her wits about her during her ordeal—spinning tales to the Gestapo, shielding her friends, turning her show trial into an occasion for moral testimony—so must Jentsch keep up a subtle, restrained performance while the movie Nazis around her are screaming themselves red in the face. She succeeds beyond all expectation.

Sophie Scholl: The Final Days has just opened in New York, at Film Forum, and will be playing around the country as an Oscar nominee for Best Foreign Language Film. ■

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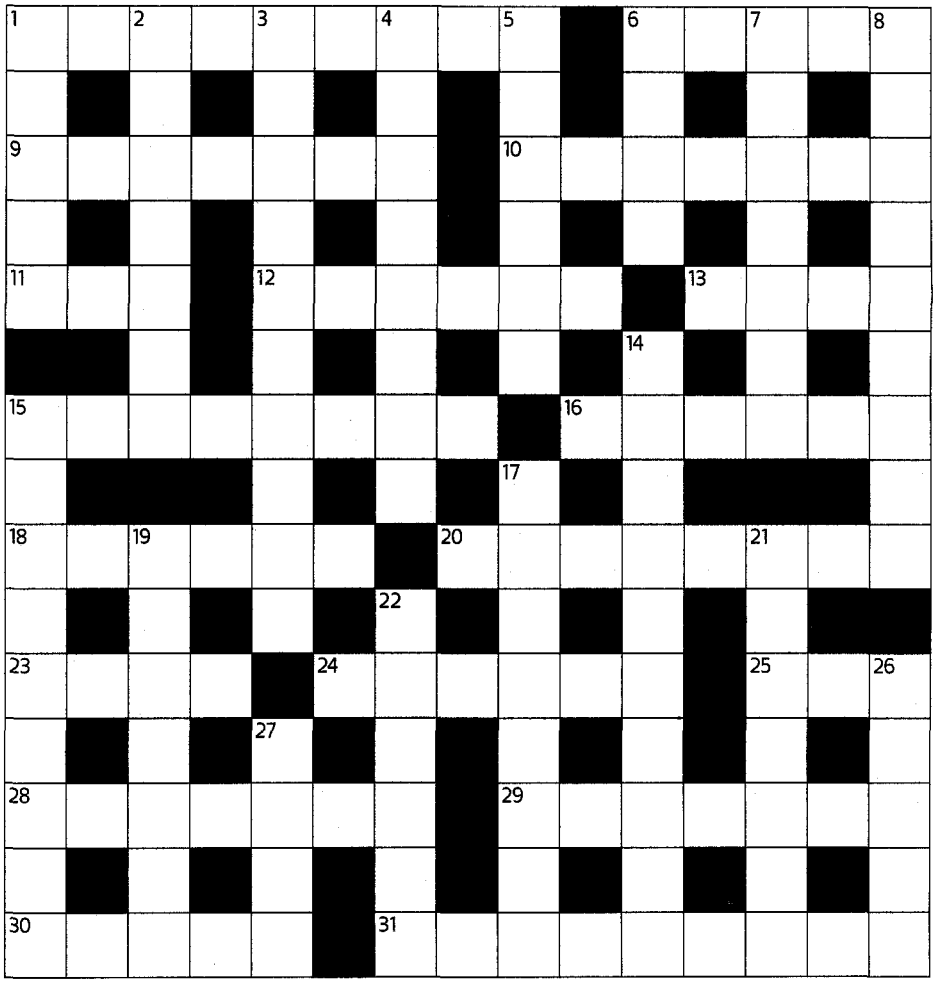

ACROSS

1 In a little one of Goldilocks's acquaintances, takes advantage of what might cause nightmares. (9)

6 See 30

9 A cooking vessel on the floor, perhaps, could remind you of a curved roofing. (7)

10 To ring a bell with an old Egyptian god is just a fancy of some sort. (7)

11, 12 and **13** Not the reign of Midas—just something that involves ethical conduct. (3,6,4)

15 Earl couldn't take time off for dinner and just carried a snack with him. (8)

16 If backward, the wrong seat will be provided at the celebration. (6)

18 One who might call you out with a word of hesitation, a soft one, but anger at the end. (6)

20 What the host in Japan might do for his guests, which is something to be remembered. (8)

25, 24 and **23** The old song asks who fears such, though the lady-killer is a six-footer, and pretty rotten! (3,3,3,4)

28 That's a fact!—though of little interest to Naomi's daughter-in-law. (2,5)

29 Is teeming with what Santa comes down the chimney with, to a point! (7)

30 and **6** Not very experienced football players, but making quite a bit of money! (10)

31 Elks set on destruction prove what we don't like to find in the closet. (9)

DOWN

1 Food for the computer. (5)

2 Unable to get even, as Jock says, at the place on the post where you can get a drink. (7)

3 What made the crossing to Brooklyn possible? It may be a mouthful! (10)

4 *A k a* Hawkshaw, by profession. (Possibly hers has a bit of hair.) (8)

5 Put in a bag, and fired. (6)

6 What one has to do with a leaky boat, otherwise provided by the wrong-doer. (4)

7 A well-known radical works with his hands for the little angels! (7)

8 "Wells Fargo," for example—perhaps taken by an actor. (5,4)

14 Where the horses used to run around may be a theater now. (10)

15 Quaking rolls in and out of the Southwest and causes a lot of complaining. (9)

17 Words, words, words! (A word of action to one on time.) (8)

19 A handy holder for the artist is allowed to get in one's head, as they say. (7)

21 Article not up to getting Jupiter's moon still makes a name in Shakespeare. (7)

22 It's the wrong way to show what the conscientious church-going does. (6)

26 Calms things down with the rough seas taking one direction. (5)

27 Possibly a runt with an equal opportunity. (4)

"SOMETHING FISHY"? In Puzzle No. 3024, in the clue for 6 down, it should say "Schubert" instead of "Beethoven."

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3024

		P	R	O	L	I	F	E	R	A	T	E		
	T		A		A		O		A		R		R	
S	I	N	I	S	T	E	R		V	I	O	L	E	T
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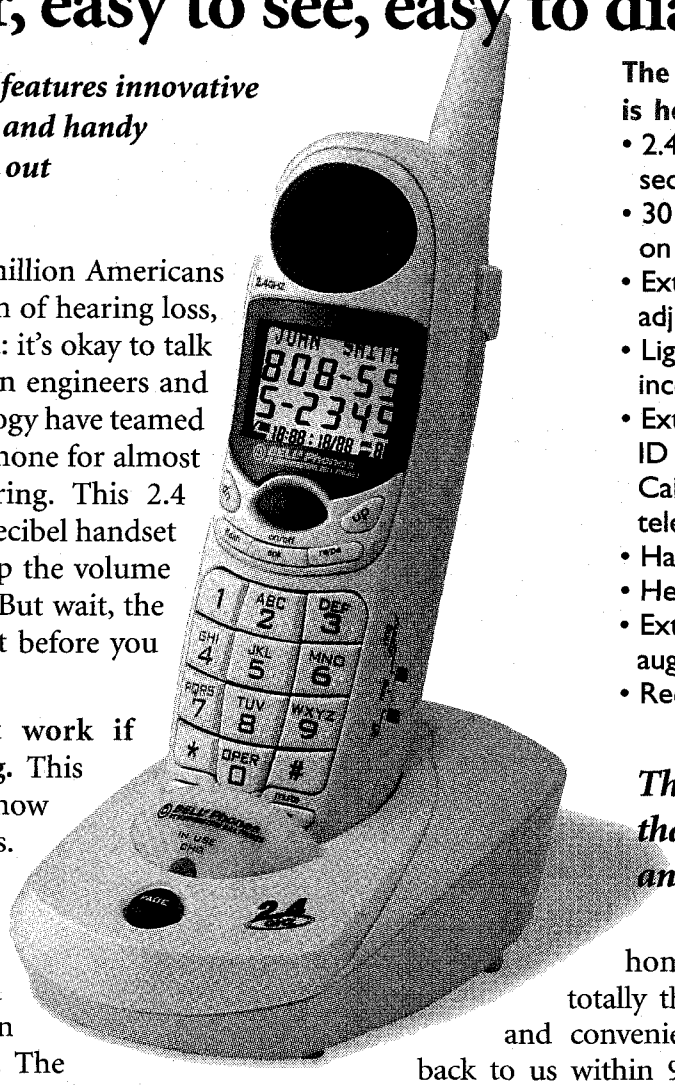

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